

FROM ROMANISM TO PENTECOST,

OR

THE SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY



OF

REV. JOSEPH S. DEMPSTER,

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Publisher of Pentecostal Literature.

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DEDICATION.

With gratitude to my Heavenly Father, from whom every good and perfect gift comes, I dedicate this, my spiritual biography, or "From Romanism to Pentecost," to the Church of Jesus Christ, of every nation, kindred and tribe; and to those who give themselves in love to the saving of the masses and to the sanctification of the church militant, praying that the blessed Christ, who has filled me with His gracious Spirit, may use this little treatise to the awakening and saving and sanctifying of my own dear Friends, the Roman Catholics, and that God may use it to inspire and help and bless and enlighten thousands of my Protestant brethren everywhere; that it may increase in every reader a hunger and thirst after divine truth, a great love for Jesus, His Church, and a burning passion for lost souls; and that into whosoever hands this little work may go, it may be the means, under God, of bringing *sunlight, peace* and joy in *revealing* the Christ, who has brought to my once darkened heart the life, power and love of *Pentecost*.

Yours for the salvation of all mankind,

JOSEPH S. PEMPSER.

INTRODUCTORY.

It affords the Publisher of the Library great pleasure to be able to introduce to its readers Rev. Joseph S. Dempster, who has been so marvelously led out and up into the glorious experiences of conversion and full salvation.

It is believed that the thrilling story of his experience will awaken many, who, as he was, are resting in a mere form, instead of claiming the peace and purity and power which our holy Christianity gives to all who meet its conditions.

May the blessings of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost abide with all who read these pages.

M. W. KNAPP.

CINCINNATI, O.

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FROM ROMANISM TO PENTECOST.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

The story is told of an infant boy, born in the depths of a vast mine, in that dark, dismal abode, growing up year after year without ever once being carried to the surface. He was in no way discontented with his lot, because he had never known any other. He played and laughed and ran about in those subterranean corridors, illumined by the lurid glimmer cast by a few oil-lamps placed here and there, wholly unsuspecting of the roar and bustle and turmoil of the great world outside. The external world, the towns and the cities, and the thousand busy beehives of human industry were to him unknown. In fact, he naturally supposed the interior of the great mine, the laborers and their wives, working all day, was the only world that existed. At last, however, when the child was eight or nine years old, he chanced to find his way to the mouth of the pit. It was at noon, and the sunlight was streaming down in all its golden splendor over hill and valley. The child had never seen anything half so beautiful. For the first time in his brief life he looked out over the wide stretched plains. He contem-

plated on one side vast forests and wood-covered mountains, and on the other side the far-off sea, that glowed like molten gold, and stretched itself out till it seemed to blend and lose itself in the overarching sky, and now shimmering in the richest tints of red and purple. The astonished child stood like one petrified and riveted to the spot. He seemed bewildered and unable to take in the gorgeous scene, the immensities of space, the undreamed-of distances, the gigantic proportions of the earth. It seemed to overwhelm his mind and to suppress his senses. At last, following the prompting of nature, he threw himself flat on his face, and worshiped the author of all this beauty and magnificence. This is but an imaginary story, but in the history of this child we have a beautiful figure of one of the most marvelous, God-enlightened, heaven-sent and blood-bought experiences of the interior life of one who was born in the dark mine of Romanism, and who, as he pens this spiritual biography, is lost in wonder, love and amazement at the infinite mercy and love of Him who has brought him out of darkness into the most marvelous light and liberty of the sons of God. "For as many as received *him*, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God," "and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is," and every one who hath this hope of seeing him as he is will be *borne* on to Pentecost, where he will receive the purifying

or sanctifying fire that will purify his soul, even as He is pure.

Who is it that can look back upon his childhood days without shedding tears of joy upon its pleasant, innocent, trustful memories, without any care, any worry, any fret? The boy whom I am writing about was born in Boston, Mass. His father was a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, instructed in the old Presbyterian Church, but was induced to enter the Roman Catholic Church previous to his marriage. Mother was born of Irish parents, a native of the city of Dublin, Ireland, nurtured in the bosom of the Catholic faith, and died receiving the last sacraments of the same church. As I glance back at this boy's childhood days, I see him sitting at his mother's knee, and I see his precious mother, and hear her voice as she teaches her boy to make the sign of the cross, placing his right hand to his forehead, then under his breast, and then to his left and right shoulders, saying, at the same time, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." I see her again, making the sign of the cross on his forehead, his lips and his heart, praying that God may keep him from all bad thoughts, words and evil desires, meaning, of course, everything that is contrary to the teachings of the mother church. The reason that she makes the sign of the cross is to beg that Jesus Christ, by His cross and passion, may bless and protect him; again, teaching him the Pater Noster or Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, the Apostles' Creed, the Confiteor or General Confession, the Long Acts of Faith,

Hope and Charity, the Angelus, the Act of Contrition, the prayer to his Angel Guardian and Patron Saint, the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin, of the Saints, of the Sacred Heart, of the Dead, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the *De Profundis*, the *Salve Regina*, and the short ejaculatory prayer, "Live, Jesus, in our hearts," the prayer to atone for the cursing of others, the Short Prayer to Jesus, Mary and Joseph. What a lesson we Protestants might learn from the example of this mother, by teaching our children in their tender years to live and pray and serve the Jesus whom we declare we so firmly believe in! Is it not a sad and awful fact that many of us Protestant parents seldom or never teach our children how to pray, and neglect to bring them to Sabbath-school and the divine service? Protestant parents, for the sake of Jesus and the salvation of your precious children, teach them and lead them in the paths of righteousness. His mother ever impressed upon him the necessity of being always grateful to Almighty God for the blessing of having been born of Roman Catholic parents, in the bosom of the only true apostolic church, outside of which there was no salvation, and that he should watch and pray and be careful to entertain no thoughts contrary to its infallible teachings; that he should not allow one day to pass without imploring the Virgin Mary to intercede with her dear son Jesus to keep him ever a faithful, consistent and devoted Roman Catholic; that he was to hold all *priests* and *bishops* and *religieuse* in great *veneration*, as they were the representatives of God upon earth. It is almost needless

to inform my readers that, having these principles imbibed into his young mind and heart, he endeavored to be faithful, as far as it was in his power to do so. From his infancy he had been taught that *all Protestants* were *heretics*, followers of Martin Luther, and that he was an apostate priest from the Augustinian Convent, founded by St. Augustine, A. D. 430; that Luther was a bad priest, and that the reason the conversion of an apostate was so very difficult was that, by their apostacy, they crucified again the Son of God, and made a mockery of Him; that Martin Luther was excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Church by our Holy Father, the Pope, and was condemned to hell, and that all his followers, except those who were invincibly ignorant of the doctrines of the Roman Church, would also be condemned to hell. Hence he needed no warning to keep away from Protestant children, for he testifies that he would as soon have had the devil come near him as to have any of the Protestant children come to play with him. He dreaded their company so much that an awful sense of fear came over him when they drew near, and immediately he ran and informed his mother of the circumstance, who would instruct him to make the sign of the cross with holy water, that her child might be protected from the power of the devil. Unconsciously to himself, he became bitter to every one outside of his own church, even to his own grandfather, who was one of those Scotch, immovable kind of staunch Presbyterians, and who had never flinched from the blessed *old Bible* which he loved so dearly.

Mother would warn her boy about grandfather; that he should be careful not to believe anything he told him about the Protestant religion; that grandfather was a heretic, and that he should pray that God would enlighten him and bring him into the true faith before he died. Often the boy would entreat his grandfather to become a Catholic, warning him that it was a frightful thing to die outside of the true church and be lost forever; and in response his dear grandfather, faithful to his God and his Bible, would say to his grandchild: "My dear child, I will pray to Jesus for you. Your father has done wrong. He knows the truth; but God will take care of you, and some day you will be a minister of the gospel." How the heart of this dear old man would rejoice if he could see his grandson preaching the everlasting gospel and unsearchable riches of Christ, and the thousands of immortal souls that have been won to Christ through the instrumentality of the grandson he loved so dearly! The feeling that used to come over this boy, as his grandfather would speak to him of Protestantism, was dreadful—an awful sense of dread and fear, as the boy would say: "Grandfather, I love you; but I never, no never, could become a Protestant. I hate them; they are all of the devil, and on their way to hell." And tears would flow down his cheeks as he would exhort his grandfather, saying: "I pity you; I pity you, grandpa. Won't you pray with me that God will convert you, and make you a good Roman Catholic, and bring you into the true Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, so we can be in heaven

together? Grandpa, I love you, I love you; but it makes me feel so sad to think you are a heretic, and if you should die, you would never, never go to heaven." This boy's mother was a woman of thought, but always kept her thoughts submitted to the teachings of her church. She was kind, loving, tender, well-read in the works of Catholicism, and would not for a moment entertain the slightest thought that her church was wrong. She was strictly pious, conscientious and scrupulous about all the observances of her church. She was determined, as she often remarked to others, that, by the grace of God, she would have her boy, her only child, raised and educated in the true church, and see that, in the course of time, he would be elevated to the high office of priesthood, and have the joy of seeing him celebrate his first mass. For it is the delight of all Catholic families to have at least one son enter the priesthood. Like the boy in the depths of the mine, this boy romped and laughed and played about, in no way discontented with his lot, feeling that he was all right, having all the comforts that this life could afford, there being no expense spared to make him happy. He, being the only child, doubtless was the idol of the family. His father, who became a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, became very bitter towards all Protestants, even towards his own father, because his father was so persistent in his Protestant belief. This boy's father was remarkable for his piety and his strict adherence to the Roman Catholic discipline of living. Every morning the family arose at five o'clock, went

straight to the oratory at 5:30, spent one hour in meditation and morning prayers, after which the sacrifice of mass was celebrated; breakfast at 7 o'clock, after which we read a portion of "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas a' Kempis. The boy learned to love his writings for their depth, and the chapter upon "The Cross" was to his mind a truly wonderful chapter. Then father went to the store, for he was always a busy man. Business, *business* was uppermost in his mind. Of course, grace, or what we call blessing, was always said, but always said in a standing posture; after which mother and boy made their fifteen-minutes' visit to the Blessed Sacrament, having our particular examination of conscience at 12:15 A. M. upon some particular sin, by means of which we daily decreased the number of times of its committal, something like the way some of our Protestant brethren have of growing in grace. Beloved, this is hard Roman Catholic work. This becoming better never reaches the place where you can become converted by your own efforts. It is the Blood, the Blood, the Blood that does the work. Glory to our God! This boy tried that *work theory* for years; by daily examination of conscience, with diligence and faithfulness besought the Lord to help him. To know our sins one by one, how foolish; and still, is it not a fact that quite a number of Protestant brethren are drudging out their spiritual existence in much the same manner as Romanists? After his father went to his business, mother and son would continue in oratory in prayer, repeating the five decades of the Rosary of the Virgin

Mary in honor of the five joyful mysteries. The hired help always had to accompany them to worship. So exact was his mother on this point that she would not entertain the idea for a moment of keeping a servant girl who was not a strict Roman Catholic, and who was not willing to keep the rules of her home. Supper was at 5 o'clock P. M.; then visit to the Blessed Sacrament and Rosary in honor of the five sorrowful mysteries. This was the general routine of the home, except on Friday, when instead of the Rosary was the Stations of the Cross, or the Fourteen Steps of our Lord's Passion.

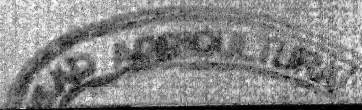
CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL DAYS.

I have very frequently heard the remark made by Protestants that Roman Catholics are very ignorant. This may be true, looking at the subject from a Protestant standpoint; that is, if we mean to say that they are ignorant of any matter outside the teaching of their own church; but I think if you take the average Roman Catholic, be he ever so ignorant of profane knowledge, he will compete with any Protestant on religious themes. I admit a great deal of his teaching is unscriptural, but it has been an astonishing fact to this converted Roman Catholic to find a great mass of professing Protestant Christians ignorant of divine things, and that a great multitude of Protestants, as well as Roman Catholics, have apostatized and gone away from the simple teachings of the apostles. Alas! how few, whether Protestant or Catholic, comparatively speaking, show in their lives and testimony the power of the simple Gospel of the Son of God. Some will say this is pessimistic. You may think so; but such is the fact, and the sooner we open our eyes to it the better. The parents of Catholic children are not permitted to send their children to the public schools under pain of mortal sin, except in case of necessity; that is, when there is no Roman Catholic school in the neigh-

borhood or town to send them to, and even then they are informed in the confessional to have their children, if possible, placed under a Catholic teacher, so that every protection is placed around the child to prevent him from coming under Protestant influence. I have said above that multitudes of Protestant children are utterly ignorant of the simple principles of Christ's Christianity. This is in no wise condemning Protestantism, but I believe we are honest enough to open our eyes that we may see our faults, and, God helping us, improve thereby. Is it not a sad and lamentable state of things to find hundreds of our professing church members who never have family worship, and who never read their Bibles, and, in many instances, in our Sabbath-schools, instead of our children being taught the Word of life by Sabbath-school teachers, they are told light and funny stories and the latest news about the dance-hall, opera, theater, etc.; and in many of our pulpits, where we would naturally expect to hear the Word of God expounded under the demonstrations of the Spirit and with power, we hear nothing only the higher criticism so-called, Byron, Longfellow, Shakespeare, and account of the Chicago Exposition, Masonry, Odd Fellowship, politics, until our hearts have become sick? The need of the church is a sanctified Spirit-baptized ministry.

His mother, being a devoted and loyal Catholic, was determined to have her child properly taught by Catholic instructors. The day is fixed for him to enter the school. Of course, he was to be sent to the nunnery school. How



he longed for the day, for he was bent on advancing himself in his studies. Having mastered the first and second readers, together with the arithmetic up to the rule of three, with the first and second books of geometry, he was determined to study hard, and in future life reflect credit on his parents and teachers. It is Monday. Mother and servant are ready to bring the boy to school. How he skipped and laughed and pranced with joy, his young heart jubilant at the thought of going to school and becoming a scholar. Mother and servant and boy are in the buggy. He thought the horse could not go fast enough. At last they are at the school door; the door-bell rings, the door opens, and they are invited into the parlor by a young nun wearing a white veil, whom he afterwards learned to know was a young novice. In comes the Mother Superior of the convent, Sister Mary Paul. Mother and nun have a private conversation. The Mother Superior comes over to the boy. She is all smiles, and remarks: "This is Joseph? Well, Joseph, you are going to be a good boy; won't you, Joseph?" at the same time making the sign of the cross on his forehead with the thumb of her right hand. Mother bids the Mother Superior good-bye, and the boy is placed under the care of Sister Mary Agatha. Sister Agatha was a tall, beautiful young lady, with dark hair and large brown eyes, but proud and haughty. She carried a looking-glass in her pocket, and every now and then he would observe her taking it out to admire herself. She was as sweet as heaven in the presence of the Mother Superior,

but in her absence she was a terror—high tempered. She thought nothing of rapping a fellow over the head with the pointer or slate, or the first thing that came to her hands. The boy thought thus to himself: "I am not going to stop here long. She is a down-right hypocrite—two-faced. She is all smiles before the Mother Superior's face, but how different in her absence!" Ever since he has detested *hypocrisy*. When he arrived home after his first day at school, his mother noticed her boy to be quite sad, and, wondering what was the matter, she remarked to him: "Why, what is the matter with you, my boy? I thought you would be so happy when I would take you to school. What has happened to you, you look so sad?" He, answering, said: "Nothing, mother; only that Sister Agatha—she is not fit to be a nun. She is a down-right hypocrite. She is all smiles before the Mother Superior, when she comes into the room, but in the Mother Superior's absence she jumps the track, gets into a rage, and beats those boys unmercifully. She won't be my teacher. I will die before I go back to her." "Hush, my child," said my mother; "they are all good, holy sisters." "You may think so, mother; but if she is holy, the devil is holy, too. Yes; if the like of her gets into heaven, I do n't want to get there—with such a proud, haughty, two-faced lassie as she is. I'll never go back to her; I'll die first." The following morning mother went with her boy to see the Mother Superior. After a great deal of persuasion, the boy was induced to go to school again, but only on the

condition that he would not be placed under the care of Sister Agatha, but under Sister Mary Magdalene. She was a lovely lady—tender, kind, gentle. "Well," he thought to himself, "thank God that I am away from that nun! Now I am all right. I will settle down and study hard." Sister Magdalene came down, patted him on the head, and made the sign of the cross on his forehead, praying at the same time that God would bless him and make him a saintly boy; and, looking into his face, said: "We are going to take special care of you, Joseph. Your dear mother wants you to grow up to be a good boy, for she intends, by and by, to have you become a priest, and the vocation is such a high and holy one that we are going to take special care of you." He advanced rapidly under such a kind teacher. There is nothing that wins, breaks, melts and inspires the young heart like kindness. "Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (Eph. iv. 32).

CHAPTER III.

PREPARATION FOR FIRST CONFESSION.

You need be scarcely informed that under such a good, kind teacher as Sister Mary Magdalene, Joseph made rapid progress in his studies. Sister Magdalene was interested in her pupil, and her pupil was interested in his teacher, and whenever teacher and pupil are working in harmony together, there is bound to be at least favorable results. As soon as it was time, she was careful to place the catechism in his hand, which contains the fundamental doctrines and precepts of the Church of Rome from an outside standpoint (by Dr. James Butler), advising him very kindly to study it carefully by memorizing each question and answer contained in each chapter; then to learn how to spell each word, and to be sure to have its meaning. This was necessary in order to make preparation for his first confession. So well was this catechism grounded into Joseph's mind that he finds no difficulty in repeating its forty-eight chapters to-day. What a lesson for us Protestant parents everywhere! Would that Protestant parents would teach their precious children the Scriptures as Catholic parents and teachers teach their children the catechism! The Catholic Church is prompt in this matter. If we were as prompt in getting the seed of the Word of God into the hearts and minds of our

Protestant children, we would have better Christians, and when they were converted and sanctified there would not be so many run off into wild-fire and fanaticism; not only would their hearts be pure, but they would know the way intelligently. Previous to making his first confession, there is the preparatory preparation which was necessary, which consists in the examination of the conscience upon the Ten Commandments of God, which are as follows, as taught by the Roman Church:

1. I am the Lord. Thou shalt have no strange god before me.
2. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.
3. Remember thou to keep holy the Sabbath day.
4. Honor thy father and thy mother.
5. Thou shalt not kill.
6. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
7. Thou shalt not steal.
8. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
9. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.

The examination of conscience is to be continued upon the Six Precepts or Commandments of the Church, which are as follows:

1. To hear mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation.
2. To fast and abstain the days commanded.
3. To confess your sins at least once a year.

4. To receive worthily the blessed Eucharist at Easter, or within the time appointed.
5. To contribute to the support of your pastor.
6. Not to solemnize marriage at the forbidden time [meaning Lent], nor to marry persons within the forbidden degrees of kindred, nor otherwise prohibited by the church, nor clandestinely.

As is taught by this church, there is no possibility of getting to heaven, after you come to the use of reason, which is generally supposed to be at the age of seven, unless you go to confession. The sacrament of baptism is supposed to cleanse you from original sin, or what Paul terms the "old man, the lust, the flesh." This is supposed to be cleansed away in baptism, and makes us Christians and children of God and heirs of the kingdom of heaven. This is contradictory to the teaching of the Council of Trent, whose canons are the highest standard of doctrines and discipline of the Roman Catholic Church. (See Dr. Carradine's book on "The Old Man," page 32.) So you see, according to this teaching, there is no getting pardon without confession, and there can be no confession without a priest, and, consequently, if there was no priest there would be no salvation; hence, no heaven, no hell, no hope, no future. What a farce! Blessed be God! Jesus is our High Priest, and in the new covenant we can enter boldly into the holy place, and come boldly unto the throne of grace, and find grace and mercy in every time of need. After this, the child is taught the form of confession, which is as follows: After entering the con-

fessional, you make the sign of the cross, placing the right hand to the forehead, then under the breast, then to the left and right shoulder, saying, at the same time, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Then, with head bowed and eyes cast down, you implore the priest's blessing, in these words: "Bless me, father, for I have sinned." After which you repeat the Confiteor, which is as follows: "I confess to Almighty God; to blessed Mary, ever virgin; to blessed Michael, the archangel; to blessed John the Baptist; to the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, and to all the saints, and to you, father, that I have sinned exceedingly, in thought, word, deed and omission; through my fault, through my fault; through my most grievous fault." Now, you see this is a long route. First you have to confess to the *Virgin Mary*; then to *Michael*, the *archangel*; then to blessed *John the Baptist*, the *holy apostles*, *Peter and Paul*, and *all the saints*, and then to the *priest*. Thank God! there is a short cut to Jesus; "for if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." After this, you inform him how long it has been since your last confession, or in case it may be your first confession, you tell him so, after which the child, whether male or female, unbosoms the secrets of the heart to the priest, commencing at the first commandment down to the tenth, and from the first precept of the church down to the sixth. Here is where the Church of Rome evidently has her power. She seeks to have the mothers, and, though humiliating as it may be, she is succeeding—care-

fully, wisely, but surely. If she gets the mothers, she gets the country; and the Roman Church is well aware that in no way can she secure control of the conscience, sensibilities and will as well as in the confessional. I have said many times, and I say it again, in all tenderness and love, that one Roman Catholic priest has more power in a town than twelve Protestant ministers. For, have I not heard it frequently expressed in ministerial meetings, "You must be careful in letting your convictions be known"? Even the Protestant business men of my own town are, in many instances, afraid they will be ruined in business if they should give their names, or be known to give a subscription even, to protect the Law and Order League of our city. Oh, my couch has been watered with tears over this many times. The church that ought to be a mighty army rushing on to conquer the world seems to me to be afraid to show its colors. But, worse than this, how my heart has bled and tears come to my eyes as I have seen and known Protestants, and even ministers, with a false philosophy knocking the bottom out of the Bible, by denying the power of the Holy Ghost to apply the blood to the sanctification of the soul, and actually standing in the way of the church to prevent her children receiving a mighty, purifying and empowering Pentecost, to send her forth to conquer and capture the world for Jesus. How the devil has deceived the Church of God in lowering the standard! Oh, that we would take the admonition of the Prophet Isaiah, and lift up the standard. For the only thing that will save us is the preaching

of holiness from holy, pure, baptized pulpits. The Roman Catholic parents, realizing that they are bound, under pain of mortal sin if they neglect, to send their children to confession, begin, as soon as the child comes to the years of accountability, to inspire the child with the necessity of preparing for the sacrament of penance. Here, in the confessional, as I have said before, the secrets of the heart are made manifest to the priest, who is supposed to be the spiritual director of the soul. So strict is the church upon the complete manifestation of the inward recesses of the heart to the priest, that she pronounces the penalty of sacrilege upon any who will hide anything, whether male or female, from the priest. I know what I am writing about when I say that I have known of many Catholics who despise the confessional, but who, like the boy about whom I am writing, are in the dark, dismal mine of Romanism, and know of no way out. Here it is where the Church of Rome has her power. Take the confessional from her, and her power, regal or otherwise, is gone from her. For all is regulated by the confessional. It has made me shudder many times to find a sort of confessional sometimes carried on among a certain class of Protestant Christians, where superiors, who corrupt their office by making use of their power in having those under them make a manifestation of conscience, of the privacies of their home, of matters between husband and wife, and exercise a sort of cunning Protestant priestcraft, probe in to know the secrets between man and wife, and spread it all over their districts,

sneering in their sleeve, with the remark: "How cunningly we have pumped him!" or her, as the case may be. But I have known of even worse than this, where young women, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five, though novices in the spiritual life, have been pushed into responsible charges, and who have actually gone from home to home to investigate into the secret privacies of families! It would astonish you if I should publish some of these cases, which I have in writing placed away in my study. The good Lord deliver us from such an artifice of the devil! Certainly, it is blessed to confess our faults one to another, and even this requires great heavenly wisdom, but our sins only to God. He is the only Priest who is worthy to hear such, and the only one who has power to *absolve*. In fact, I have never been able to settle the matter in my mind, from a Scriptural standpoint, whether God ever intended women to be pastors and teachers and overseers of the flock of Christ. Doubtless women have their place in the church, but I have to come in contact with the first woman who has declared that God had called her to be a pastor, teacher and an overseer in the Church of God. As Protestants, we believe it is right and proper to confess our faults, one to another, under the divine direction of the Holy Spirit. Still we all believe that the confessional ought to be abolished, and that it is high time that the confessional, whether in the Roman or Protestant churches, ought to be wiped out forever. Some one may ask the question, "Do you believe that all Roman Cath-

olic priests are bad?" To which I answer, No. I believe there are good priests as well as bad priests, as there are good Protestant ministers as well as bad ministers. I believe there are good nuns as well as bad nuns; good Catholics as well as bad Catholics; good Protestants as well as bad ones. I am afraid that there are many wild assertions made from platforms by some anti-Catholic lecturers that are not only wild but un-Christianlike, and stated by some seeking notoriety rather than the saving and enlightening of the masses. The point I want to make is this: That the confessing in secret of our sins, whether it be to a Roman Catholic priest, or by manifestation of conscience to a mother superior in a nunnery, or to a Protestant minister, male or female, or whether it be in a Cabinet, or a Synod, or a Presbytery or a Stationing Committee, lays open the way to the most cruel and diabolical scenes, which are unfit to describe with pen and paper. Allow me, dear reader, to introduce you to Jesus, your great High Priest, to whom you can open your heart and confess the very secrets of your soul; who will — bless His precious name! — cast them "as far as the east is from the west," never to be brought up against you any more; "and though they are as red as scarlet, will make them white as snow"; never to task them up to you, and who will adopt you into His own family, and impart within you His own divine nature, giving you the witness of his own blessed Spirit, the glorious preparatory step to lead on to the heavenly, blood-bought and heaven-sent Pentecost.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST COMMUNION.

In the previous chapter I endeavored to show that the going to confession and receiving absolution from the priest was the only remedy to receive pardon for sin after you have fallen into it! After baptism, previous to going to holy communion, which is termed the sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist, it is necessary to go to confession a number of times previous to making a general confession of your entire life before receiving this august sacrament. According to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, the Blessed Eucharist, or holy communion, is the *body* and *blood*, *soul* and *divinity* of Jesus Christ, under the appearances of bread and wine. That is, after the priest pronounces, in the sacrifices of the mass, the words of consecration over the bread and over the wine, that while it remains the color, taste and form of bread and wine, still it becomes the very body, blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ, under the appearances of bread and wine. As is taught by their theologians, Christ is really and corporeally present in two places — in heaven, sitting at the right hand of God the Father; and in the tabernacle, on the altar. The boy has learned to know differently, that Christ, while He can be in a million hearts at one and the same time by His Spirit,

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is in only one place corporeally, and that is in heaven. The preparation for the first communion is considered very sacred and solemn. It is prepared for in the greatest devotion and reverence, preceded by a general confession of one's entire life, and daily instruction upon this awful mystery, which is considered to be the Son of God becoming God-man upon the altars daily. The daily incarnation of the Son of God! What awe came over the boy as it was announced that he was to prepare to receive *Him* who was to be the very Christ, the son of Mary, the Christ of God! How he fasted, and prayed, and wept, and did all within his power in order to make the necessary preparation for the reception of Jesus, who was to become his guest, under the species of bread and wine! How he listened attentively to the instruction given by the nuns as well as by the priest! How he pondered over them, spent hours daily in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament that God would give him grace to receive Jesus worthily, for it is considered an awful sacrilege to receive communion unworthily; and as the first communion worthily received would be the happiest day in the child's life, so to receive the first communion unworthily would be the most miserable and unhappy in his whole career. The long-wished-for morning at last arrived. It was the feast of the *Precious Blood*. One hundred children were to receive the very God-man Himself—fifty girls dressed in white, symbolical of innocence and purity, and fifty boys. I can see Joseph, in his red soutane and white surplice, symbolical of the precious blood and purity, for he was

one of the little fellows who were serving mass. Now we are at the Consecration and Elevation of the Host. Every head is bowed in silent prayer. At this solemn moment the very Christ, body, blood, soul and divinity, has come on the altar. There is a hush over the whole congregation. A little while and the bell rings, which is the sign to present the altar-cloth to the communicants. The boys and girls march up, two a-deep, with eyes closed and heads cast down, make the genuflection in front of the altar, and kneel reverently at the altar-rail, trembling with awful fear when the priest approaches and places the consecrated host upon their tongues, Joseph allowing it to remain upon his tongue during the space of about half a minute, while he repeats in silence half of the Ave Maria. What a solemn moment that is to every Catholic child! The host is dissolved. He returns to the altar, while the other children return to their seats, believing he had the very Son of God made man within him, for he had been taught Jesus would remain with him for the space of fifteen minutes. And the day which he considered would be the happiest day in his whole life, turned out to be one of the most miserable — *to find out that Jesus remained with him only fifteen minutes!* He went home. He told his mother, in his child-like simplicity, that Jesus had gone away from him after the brief time of fifteen minutes. He felt so sad, black, dark. He would walk up and down the room. He would moan the fact *that Jesus was gone, gone.* His heart would *heave, sob and nigh break* in informing his

precious mother. She advised him to be a good Catholic, and he would be permitted to go to holy communion often, and receive Jesus again in the sacrament of the Eucharist. These words of his mother cheered him somewhat, but somehow he was so sad. The boy was panting after God, but the Eucharist had failed to satisfy the hunger and thirst of the soul that was yearning and longing for his God. Oh, what a mistake, what a mockery to try to satisfy the soul with a consecrated "bread" in place of the real, tender, loving Spirit of Jesus! Dear Roman Catholics, how I love, how I pity you; how I long and pray that you may come to the real knowledge of God in Christ Jesus! How I long and pray and yearn and bleed for you to come to the knowledge as it is in Jesus. I know your sincerity, your prayers, your fasting, your simplicity in many ways, your loyalty and devotion to that which you believe to be true, your self-denial, your generosity in giving. If you only knew Him "whom to know is life eternal"; if you only knew Jesus, had His Spirit dwelling in you by faith, how blessed, how restful, how joyous you would be! Oh, what is a Christian without a real, personal, indwelling Christ? Oh, blessed fellowship, blessed communion, holy companionship to know Jesus, to love Him by His Spirit dwelling in you! From the very depths of my soul I say, "Take the world, but give me Jesus." On my way home from Chicago, I came in contact with a young Catholic clergyman. Not knowing who I was, we entered into conversation freely. Of course, had he known I was

a convert from the Roman Catholic Church, there would have been no possibility of our conversing together, as the prejudice is so great against any of their own who have been converted. We conversed with one another freely on many topics. He became quite interested, and, among others, introduced the subject of religion. Of course, this gave me quite an opening. I was cautious, and agreed with him in everything that I possibly could, without sacrificing my God-given convictions and principles. He declared his church to be the only true apostolic, infallible church—the oldest Christian church—quoting for me the list of Popes down from St. Peter to Leo XIII., declaring that no one could possibly be saved who renounced the Roman Catholic faith. This struck me hard, but *Perfect Love* can bear all things. After a while he introduced the doctrine of transubstantiation. We became very much interested in each other, and opened up to each other freely. I did not antagonize him, or try to be lawyer-like and smart; but, keeping in close touch with Jesus, and moving slowly and cautiously in the Spirit, I opened up to him the personal experience of my first communion; and all in a moment I was startled to hear him say: "That was just my experience, sir; but how have you entered into the inner, close fellowship with Jesus?" I need scarcely tell you that, warmly and lovingly, I told him, in brief, the account of my conversion from Romanism to God. The tears streamed down his cheeks as he said: "I would give anything to know Jesus as you do." God bless him! I am praying that

God may use my simple story in bringing him to know the same Jesus. I shall never forget the warm grasp of the hand as he bade me good-bye, and said, in parting: "Pray for me; pray for me!" Yes; I will pray for him, and trust that God—our God—will some day give him courage to step out on the Lord's side. Permit me to tell you, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, there can be found blessed, sweet communion and fellowship with Jesus by complying with God's conditions, which are repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and you can go on to know Him in the fulness and blessing of the gospel of peace, where you can enjoy a life hid with Christ in God. Oh, hallelujah to the Lamb forever!

CHAPTER V.

HIS CONFIRMATION.

In the last two chapters we have considered the necessary preparations for the reception of the sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist. In this chapter we propose to consider the sacrament of Confirmation. I firmly believe in confirmation. Of course, not from a Roman Catholic standpoint, but from a Scriptural standpoint. You see, they have penance first, then communion, then confirmation. We, as Protestants, have Bible repentance, then blessed interior holy *communion* with Jesus in the regeneration of the soul, then confirmation or the second blessing, which is the act of confirming or strengthening or sealing in the sanctification of the moral nature. In the Roman Catholic Church the sacrament of Confirmation may or may not be received before the sacrament of the Eucharist, but, as a rule, Catholic children are not permitted to receive the sacrament of Confirmation until they have received their first communion. This sacrament can only be administered by the bishop, but in urgent cases of necessity, where no bishop can be secured, then a priest may administer this sacrament by the sanction of the Sovereign Pontiff. Catholic theologians teach that the sacrament of Confirmation makes us strong and perfect Christians. Of course, they mean that it makes

us strong and perfect Roman Catholics. For this boy of whom I am writing has been long since convinced that there was as much of the devil in him after he was confirmed as there was before. The bishop administers the sacrament of Confirmation by the imposition of hands and by prayer; that is, he holds out his hands, and prays at the same time that the Holy Ghost may descend upon those who are to be confirmed. So conscientious was Joseph on this point that he would not be confirmed on any day but Whit Sunday, the day on which, he was taught, the Holy Ghost descended upon the disciples in the upper room. But what a disappointment it was to him to find out that, while he was confirmed by the bishop on Whit Sunday, no Holy Ghost came! Chrism is holy oil, mingled with balm, blessed by the bishop on Holy Thursday. The special preparations which are requisite to make in order to receive this sacrament is a good confession, and by fervent prayer to beseech the Holy Father to send His Holy Spirit on you. After you receive the sacrament of Confirmation you are supposed to receive grace, to profess the Catholic faith openly, and if needs be, to die before you would give it up. It is a great sin to neglect Confirmation, and you receive in this sacrament the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit—wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety, and the fear of the Lord. As the bishop confirms you, he gives you a stroke upon the cheek, to recall to your mind that confirmation strengthens you to suffer, and, if necessary, to die for your church.

CHAPTER VI.

SALVATION BY WORKS.

You can see, at a moment's glance, that this youth was panting after God. He longed to know Him, to see Him, to adore Him. He longed to be hid in the cleft of the Rock of Ages. As a youth, he was a deep thinker and reasoner. At times his thoughts were carried away beyond the sacrifice of the mass, the confessional, the communion, the confirmation, beyond the outward appearances of sanctity which seemed so elaborate in his church, to the more practical side of real, true holy living. While sitting in the parlor of his mother's comfortable home, the youth's mind was carried away by the thought that in order to get to heaven he must be a saint; that this was the teachings of his church, as taught by the nuns as well as by the priest; that it was also taught in the *sodalities*, *confraternities* and also by his own precious mother. Still, as he looked out upon the world around him, he began to think thus: "Well, if we are to be saints—that is, if we are to be holy and pure—if we are to have the spirit of Jesus Christ, it seems to me very few are aiming that way." Somehow, a *voice* seemed to say to him, "*Pray over it,*" and at the self-same time *another voice*, which he has since learned was the *voice* of the devil, said, "*Do n't pray.* It's no use; you will be

damned anyway." In his heart he began to say, "Jesus, help me!" Down he got on his knees, in the parlour, all alone, repeated the Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria, and besought God earnestly, through the intercession of the Virgin Mary, to make him a saint. He prayed to St. Joseph, the foster father of Jesus, his angel guardian and patron saint, imploring of them to obtain grace to enable him to live a holy, saintly life. He arose from his knees feeling somewhat relieved, but still not satisfied. There seemed a burden—oh, such a burden!—upon his heart. His heart was all broken up. He wept and wept, but yet did not know what was the matter. He went to his mother, and looking into the countenance of the one in whom he had implicit confidence, he cried out, from the depths of his soul: "Mother, mother, I want to be a saint! I want to be holy! I want to know Jesus!" Mother and boy wept and sobbed together. She endeavored to comfort him, bringing him into the oratory, which was their place of worship. Together they prayed for one whole hour that God, through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, might make her boy a saint. I see them both going forward to the altar of the Sacred Heart, kiss the picture, and prostrate themselves, kissing the floor of the altar as an act of humility, beseeching the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, to give the boy the longing of his heart, and make him a saint. As they arose from their knees he felt somewhat comforted, but not yet satisfied. On the following Saturday

evening, feeling the weight of the burden pressing upon his heart more than ever, he made it his business to go to his room, and there *thoughtfully, prayerfully and scrupulously* make a general examination of his conscience, in order to make a general confession of his whole life to the priest. He was so honest, so sincere, that there was nothing within his heart that he did not make manifest to the priest. At the conclusion of the confessional, he remarked thus to the priest: "Father confessor, I want to be a saint; I must, I must be a saint, but I do n't know how." At these words he broke down, weeping, in the confessional. When he regained himself, he noticed the priest weeping. In great tenderness, the priest said: "My child, the Holy Spirit is leading you." What an impression the words, "the Holy Spirit is leading you," made upon his young heart! But he said again: "Father confessor, I want to be a saint; I want to know Jesus; I long to be a saint, but I do n't know how." And with these words he again broke down, and sighed and sobbed, and heaved from his very soul, and cried out: "Father, father confessor, can you not teach me—can you not show me the way?" In response, he said: "My child, doubtless God is going to do great things for you. He will lead you to separate yourself from the world and enter a monastery, where you can become a devoted and sainted *religieuse*, and then you will be able to arrive at perfection. In the meantime, pray that God may show you your vocation. Pray a great deal. Put yourself under the patronage of the

Virgin Mother. Read Butler's 'Lives of the Saints,' especially the Life of Richard Pennyfather, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, founded by the venerable Libarmon of France; the Life of St. Alphonsus M. Liguori, founder of the Redemptorists, in 1730; of St. Paul of the Cross, founder of the Congregation of the Discalced Clerks of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, 1720, and of Francis Xavier, of the Jesuits, founded on a military plan by Ignatius Loyola in 1534." He left the confessional. How heavy his heart was! Pen can not describe, tongue can not tell the sadness and sorrow and state of that soul at that trying crisis. Everything was so dark that he almost despaired. When he thinks of it now it makes him shudder. On arriving home he went to the oratory, and kneeling on the step of the altar in front of the tabernacle, which was supposed to contain the real presence of Jesus Christ under the species of bread and wine, he threw himself flat upon his face, and cried and wept, and prayed and worshiped, the best he knew how, that the Christ that was in the tabernacle would come and help him. For hours he remained prostrate, but there was *no comfort, no peace, no joy, no Christ*, and to him there seemed to be *no God!* What will he do? He cries out: "I am lost! I am lost!" The devil spoke these words to him, just as plain as possible: "You're a fool! There is no such thing as a God. Does n't your own good common sense tell you that if there was such a being as a God, He would be cruel to make such a place

as a hell, and condemn you to such a place and not reveal to you the way to escape such punishment? Curse God! Give up all this foolery, anyway, and have a good time. You will be surely damned, and you might as well have a good time of it and make sure of this world, even if you are damned in the next." He thought that this suggestion was from the devil. "No; I will do my best, anyway, and somehow and sometime God will come to my help." He went to his room, cast himself on his knees, and asked God to help him never to give up the task until he found out Jesus and the secret of becoming a saint. He determined at all costs to find God. He commenced the task. It was a hard one; at least made hard by his efforts. Every morning would find him at morning prayer, meditation and attendance on the sacrifice of the mass. Every Saturday you would find him kneeling at the confessional, preparing to make his honest, open, sincere confession to the priest; but, alas, alas! there was *no rest, no peace, no hope, no Christ, no joy*. Every noon would find him making his particular examination of conscience. Every night, at his night prayer and general examination of conscience. But *no peace, no rest, no God, no Christ!* He commenced to read Butler's "Lives of the Saints," and endeavored to imitate their lives of austerity. He would rise at midnight, strip himself to the waist, and scourge himself with a Discipline, which he had made for that purpose, until the blood would ooze out from his body, while he would repeat the *Te Deum Laudamus* and the *Magnificat*. But, alas, alas!

he could find *no rest, no peace, no Christ, no joy, no light*. Everything was *dark, dark, dark!* All this time he was looked upon as one eminent in piety and sanctity. He was loved and revered by his catechetical class, by the members of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart, by the Confraternity of the Precious Blood and the members of the Purgatorian Society. They would gather around him, and loved to converse with him, and inquire the way to lead such a holy, self-denying, austere, exemplary life. The devil would come and tempt him, and try to puff him up, and endeavor to make him believe he was holy and had advanced to a life of perfection; but in his heart he knew it was a lie. He knew his own heart, therefore the devil could not deceive him on this point; for he felt the pangs of a sin-laden soul, and longed and cried and yearned to be free, to have the light to dawn in his soul, but he did not know the way to seek and find freedom. O God! it was *dark, dark, dark. No peace, no rest, no Christ, no joy!* Mother could not help him; father could not help him; the priest could not help him; the sacraments, prayer, meditation could not help him; his earnest entreaties to the Virgin Mary could not help him; his praying, fasting, groaning, discipline could not help him; giving to the church could not help him; joining the Vincent de Paul's Society for the Relief of the Poor could not help him; singing in the choir or serving at the altar could not help him. Turn where he would, there seemed to be *no help, no deliverance* for him. He tried to banish the thought from his mind, but, whether at home

or abroad, he could get no peace. He became wonderfully industrious, for he had learned from his mother that an idle mind was the devil's workshop. Still some *invisible power* followed him that gave him no rest, night or day, and what to do he knew not. One night, while at home, in his sleep he had an awful dream that he was in hell, and it seemed the demons, with all their fiendishness, were dragging him into the infernal flames. He was terrified, and screamed at the top of his voice: "I am damned! I am damned! I am damned! I am lost! I am lost! I am lost!" His precious mother ran to his side, and waking him up, said: "My child, what's the matter?" The boy, terrified, cried out: "Mother, mother, I am lost! I am lost!" She counselled and advised and prayed, but he could sleep no more that night. He was terrified. Sin, sin, sin! What a burden, what a load! The way of the sinner is hard.

CHAPTER VII.

ROMAN CATHOLIC, BUT NOT A CHRISTIAN.

You have seen from the foregoing that this boy of whom I am writing was a consistent Roman Catholic. To be a Catholic and not a Christian seems an outrageous notion to one who has been raised, instructed and brought up in the Roman Church. But, on reflection, it has occurred to me that there are multitudes of people, in the Roman Catholic Church as well as in the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Congregational, and, I might say, in all Protestant denominations, who think they are Christians because they are members of these various denominations, while all the time nothing could be more manifest to the world outside than the fact that they are not Christians. Of course, they believe in Christ—always did. They call themselves Roman Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, etc., because their parents were such. But if their parents believed in Buddha, they would have believed the same. They believe Christ died on Calvary; they talk a little about Christ, they go to the mass, the sodality, the confraternity, prayer-meeting, the preaching service, the Epworth League, the Christian Endeavor, the Sabbath-school, as the case may be; they hear Christ talked about by other people; they sing in the choir about Him when they go to church;

they pray to Him occasionally; they go through a form of words without any reality or feeling; they say they trust Him—that is, they expect that, when they come to death, somehow He is going to deliver them from the penalty of their past sins, and that His life is going to be put in the place of the Christian life they ought to live in the present tense. They tell you that they have met hundreds of hypocrites, but one thing they are assured of, that Christ is true, and that His religion is going to be put in the place of theirs. They say that there is a great deal of mystery about all this religion, anyway, and, somehow, while they think themselves loyal church members, they never stop to think and ponder the matter seriously in their own hearts. And so they cling to this poor hope and rush on, anyway. One thing is certain: they are church members, but not real, practical, genuine Christians. When they are put into a corner they know they are not Christians. They dress, eat, drink and talk in exactly the same way that the irreligious and ungodly, worldly folks do. In the town, city, country, business, at the polls, home or church, or anywhere else, they do business on the same principles and for the same ends, and scramble after the goods of this world as other worldlings do. Seven days of the week, or at least six, there is no difference between them and all the other decent but godless people around them. They are church members, but not Christians. They go to the opera, the dance-hall, the theater, the show, the circus, or to anything else that comes around. It is true

that they do not curse or swear or get drunk; but those in the store, the office or the factory, in fact, their children in their own homes, know that they are not Christians. They are great Prohibitionists, and fight and labor for temperance and social reform. They would not do openly anything immoral; that would be against their pride, their self-respect, their training, and lower them in their circle of friends and among their church associates. They take great care to abstain from the departures from the orthodox standard of morality. They are looked upon as beautiful singers and good preachers, but they know in their own hearts, before God, that while they are members of the different orthodox churches they are not Christians. They neglect the first principles of Christ's Christianity; they do not "worship God in spirit and in truth"; they do not read His blessed Word or have secret prayer; they do not keep God's laws; they do not really repent of their sins; they have never known in their hearts what it is to be regenerated; they do not shape their daily conduct according to His wishes, or give themselves that sort of life which can only be reasonable to those who believe they have to stand at His bar and be judged, concerning their earthly career, with a judgment which must determine their eternal destiny of happiness or misery forever. Ah, how sad! They just do the very opposite to all this. They live every hour, every day, every month, every year, go through a form of godliness without its power, and rush to the end of this life as though the teachings taught by God Him-

self were mere fables. Do not think me unkind or uncharitable; but in great love and in the spirit of my loving Lord, and from the knowledge God has given me of Himself, I beg of you, from the innermost depths of my soul, not to be satisfied with a mere profession, but pray and seek earnestly until you come to have the knowledge of God in your own heart. Oh, I feel for you, for I was once deceived myself. Better, a thousand times better, to be looked upon as a fool, as a fanatic, by the world, or even by professing Christians, than to lose your immortal soul. "For what will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" "And what will a man give in exchange for his soul?" Do n't be merely satisfied with being a Roman Catholic, or a Methodist, or a Presbyterian, or a Baptist, or a Congregationalist, or an Episcopalian. Do n't be merely satisfied with the thought of dying, and after death having everybody believe you were a Christian, and to have the priest or minister preach you into heaven, and to have written on your tombstone, "*Requiescat in pace*" or "Asleep in Jesus," but be confident in your own heart, here and now, that you have really repented of all your sins; that you have claimed Him as your personal Saviour, and pray, and never cease to pray, until God Himself has given you the witness in your own heart that you are His child.

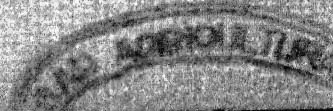
CHAPTER VIII.

COLLEGE DAYS.

Where is the young man who can forget his college days—the classes he was in, the hard study, the successful examinations? How it delights one to meet his old college chums with whom he once associated, with whom he kicked foot-ball! How many games of good hand-ball he had in the alleys, the splendid exercise in the gymnasium, the drill instructor he had to develop the physical being, and the masterly professors who labored and tried to develop the mind! As he casts a glance back, he can not help drop a tear as, looking upon all those, and seeing the gulf that has been made by the Holy Ghost, he exclaims, "Jesus, it is all for Thee," and he gladly says "Amen" to the whole will of God.

I pass over his Postulate, Noviceship, Junior and Senior Scholasticate, and enter upon his Prefectship. As much as lay within him, he gave his mind to study. He became a lover of books, deepening in profane knowledge and reveling in literature, and did all that lay in his power to distract himself from the awful state of *conviction* which he was then in. One afternoon—as he recalls the day, he is impressed it was a Thursday afternoon—one of the theological professors was giving the prefects an instruction upon the Divinity of Christ, in which he

was very much interested. Being naturally a great reasoner, he always looked into a subject to see its depth. After the instruction was over and the class dismissed to take a recess, he made a bee-line for the professor, and remarked to him that the instruction he had given was very fine, and that he was much interested in it. "I saw that you were," he replied; "I noticed that you were very attentive." "Yes; I thought it was immense. I noticed in your instruction on the Divinity you quoted *John, Luke, Matthew, Paul* as proof of your statements. Pray, tell me, where did you get these names to prove your statements?" "Why," he said, "in the Scriptures." "And where can I obtain the Scriptures?" "They are all contained in the Douay Bible, in the Old and New Testaments." "And where can I obtain the Douay Bible?" "Well," he said, "it is not necessary for you to have a Bible yet. Our church is the true apostolic church. She is the infallible guide, and in order to be a consistent Roman Catholic we must follow her teachings, for she loves her children so much that she places every possible guard around them to keep them from falling into error. But when you become more mature in theological thought, doubtless you will be provided with a Bible, further on in your theological studies. Even then we must be careful to seek guidance from the holy fathers of the church, because some who have become self-willed and have followed their own opinions have fallen away from the church and become apostates. Therefore, if we would be safe, and be guided by our Holy Mother, the Church, we



will submit our wills and understandings to her unerring and infallible Sovereign Pontiff, who, with his successors, will always seek your temporal as well as your spiritual well-being." "Well, professor, that seems strange. I know that such is the teaching of our church, but, somehow, this seems strange. But you also teach that the office of the Pope is not inspired to receive or give to the world any new revelation; that he is merely to decide what we term the *original deposit*, or to repeat the decisions which his predecessors themselves would have made in regard to the doctrines of Christianity; that it is not his office to settle matters of science or ordinary questions of fact of any kind; that, as Catholics, we should not be impeded in any kind of study or investigation of profane knowledge. You push me ahead. You say, 'Go at it; get all you can out of it'; you rather praise and flatter me when I succeed in solving some difficult proposition. But in religious matters, it seems strange that you should discourage my investigations, and endeavor to confine my methods of thinking and reasoning within the compass of some other mind. Has not God endowed me with mental qualifications and capabilities of reasoning to be devoted to religious matters as well as any priest? Has not God given me faculties and understanding that I may know these things for myself, and will not the Author and Giver of these qualifications, capabilities, and faculties hold me responsible at the judgment bar if I do not make use of them in this all-important matter of religious truth? Here you are giving us instruction on one of the most

vital themes of our holy religion, and you are afraid to allow me a close investigation to substantiate your assertions. This, to me, seems very, very strange." At this point the young prefect perceived that the professor was getting very angry. His face became quite flushed, and, stamping his foot indignantly upon the ground, he said, in a rage: "Sir, do you want to be a heretic?" (Well, I have been ticking now for some years, and how many have tried to stop the clock! But it has an invisible, abounding spring inside that causes it to go on and walk in the Divine statutes. Hallelujah!) "Do you want to know more than our Holy Mother, the Church?" "Well," I said, "whether you call it being a heretic or not, or knowing more than the church, I consider it nothing more than reasonable, and in harmony with good common sense, that I should be able to think for myself in matters pertaining to religion." The young prefect was rather surprised, after the space of three hours, to find a messenger after him, stating that the Superior desired to see him. After a brief interview with the Superior, he was not long in discovering that the professor had been there before him, and had told the details of what had occurred between them some time previous. The Superior was very kind, and very affectionate in his admonitions to the prefect, warning him of his errors and the dangers into which he was liable to fall, and that he must be careful, or else he would ruin himself for time and eternity; that he was a deep reasoner, and that he must be careful to be in submission to the high, holy authority

that has his welfare at heart. Poor, dear soul! I am confident he meant all right, but, like the young prefect, he was in the deep, dark mine of Romanism. The prefect said: "Father Superior, I thank you very much for your kind advice, but I fail to see why this professor is kicking up such a racket about this matter. God has given me head, heart and hands, and I suppose I have a right to use them; and I can not see why he should be so terrified about my inquiring as to the Divine truths that he has taught us. If they are true, and can be substantiated by positive proof, why should he be afraid of investigation? And if they are false, the sooner I find it out the better." With these words he bade the Superior farewell, but soon found out that while this was an outward manifestation of kindness, there was a close watch kept upon him; that is, there was that *something* which gave him to understand he was not considered a safe character. Shortly after this occasion there were two or three college students, including the young prefect, marching up and down the upper corridors, and in their curiosity they spied into the Superior's room, to see if he were within. Discovering that he was not, they concluded to go in and take a look around his library, for all three were great lovers of books. In looking around, the prefect's eye caught the words, "Douay Bible." Said he to himself: "There is the Bible in which the professor found the proof of the Divinity of Christ and the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament. I am going to have the loan of that Douay Bible if I die in the attempt."

But the thought struck him, if he were to take it then, the other students might "let the cat out of the bag," so he concluded to get the other students down to their class-rooms, and then return and secure the Douay Bible. Returning, the prefect ran up-stairs, and rapped at the Superior's door. No answer. He rapped a second and third time, to give notice of his approach, and still no answer. In he popped; but as he got over to where the Bible was, the thought struck him, "If you take that Bible you are stealing; and if you do so, you will have to confess it at your next confession. Then what will the father confessor think of you, in whom he has so much confidence, as a saint? It would be an awful thing to be found out, and to be looked upon as a thief." He had not much time to decide, but in his own mind he said: "That is a lie from the devil. I would die before committing a known sin. I am only taking the loan of the book, and as soon as I have had a good reading of it, I will gladly return it." And so he did. He took the Bible, hid it in his trunk, and at every spare moment digested all he possibly could of it. Blessed Book! Oh, that every poor Catholic had a copy, and would read it prayerfully! How the Holy Spirit would use it to the awakening and convicting and conversion and sanctifying of the soul, and bring them from the darkness of the awful mine of Romanism to the most marvelous light and liberty of the Gospel of Jesus Christ!



CHAPTER IX.

HOLY GHOST CONVICTION.

Having once secured the Bible, he revelled in its pages, commencing at Genesis and going right on through Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, and so on. He was thunderstruck at the wonderful revelation of history he discovered in the Old Testament, and on entering upon the New Testament he was lost in the birth, life, suffering, death, resurrection and ascension of Jesus, His going away and the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the apostles. The deeds of the apostles were wonderful to him. He was particularly impressed with the life of Paul. In his mind, none of the other apostles exemplified so much the suffering and life of Jesus as the daring, loving, scholarly apostle to the Gentiles. What a hero! And poor John, who was so beloved, had such a marvelous reputation: driven out to Patmos for his testimony to full salvation, and, though hedged in on every side—blessed be God!—they could put no roof over him, so that, in spite of the devil and all his imps, he could see straight up and get a Revelation of the heavens. One text that riveted itself seemingly more than any other was Mark xvi. 16: "He that *believeth* in me and is baptized *shall be saved*; and he that *believeth not* shall be *damned*." He analyzed every word in the text;

hunted up the meaning of each word in the dictionary; parsed each sentence; looked up the tense, in Greek, of the word *believeth*. The more he studied it the more it burned its way into his soul. After close investigation, he saw plainly that in order to get on the ground of saving faith it was essential for him to have *godly sorrow* that worketh repentance. What a revelation this was to him from the old path of penance! It seemed that his whole religious life was a *blank*, a *failure*; that all his praying, all his works, all his fastings, groans, tears, disciplines were in vain. What a disappointment, what a darkness came over him! What a feeling! Here he saw himself in such a light as he had never seen himself before. He was stunned, and, to his surprise, now knew that his conscience had been educated wrong, and that there had to be an entire reverse, the thought of which almost drove him to despair. After all he had done, to find out that he was lost, *lost*! And here, now he had found that the only way was the *Bible* way, the heaven-bought way, the way of repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that there was no saving faith without repentance. With all it meant to him at that time, it drove a dagger into his heart. He had found out that *works, groans, tears, confessions, communions, confirmations, litanies, beads, scapulars, sodalities, confraternities, annual retreats, absolutions*, all, all were of no avail. How well Toplady expresses it in the second verse of "Rock of Ages":

"Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

He had no refuge to which to flee. He tried and tried to find a refuge, but there was none. Every time he would open the Bible, that text would stand out before him: "He that believeth in me and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned." Hour by hour, day and night that text would stand out before his eyes. He would go away into lonely places, and get out his Bible and read, but it seemed he could not get away from that passage of Scripture, "He that believeth in me and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned." The Holy Spirit used that passage to convict him of his lost condition. It burned its way into his heart. To him that text seemed a miniature Bible. He noted twenty or thirty short passages of Scripture, and on going to his next confession, informed the confessor of his state, quoting to him the passages he had noted. He did not make his confession to the priest as he formerly did, but told the priest that it was useless; that the Scriptures distinctly stated, "*Come unto me* [Jesus] all ye that are weary and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). The Scripture says: Come to *Jesus*, not to the *priest*, or *bishop*, or *pope*, or *Michael*, or *Joseph*, or the *Virgin Mary*,

or *confession*, or *communion*, or *confirmation*, but "*Come to me*"—*come to Jesus*. I hear him in the confessional telling the confessor: "I have tried the confessional, the communion, the confirmation; I have tried the Virgin Mary, Saints Michael and Joseph, patron saints and angel guardians; I have tried the rosary, the wearing of the five scapulars, the *Agnus Dei*, St. Joseph and St. Francis cords; I have tried the litanies, partial and plenary indulgences, the confiteor or general confession; I have tried my father and precious mother, and I have tried you, father confessor, but all, all have failed. I must, I must try Jesus. I have no rest, no peace; my only hope is Jesus." At this point the priest got enraged, and said: "Won't you make your confession?" To which the prefect answered: "Father confessor, it's no use; I can not, I can not. It is only a mockery." The priest said: "You will then interview me in the vestry." The prefect replied: "I can not interview you in the vestry, because you are bound to secrecy here, under pain of sacrilege, and if I should interview you in the vestry you would not be bound to secrecy, and I am not prepared to have this interview between you and me published abroad to please the whims and fancies of you priests." But the priest said: "I command you, as the representative of God, to obey me, and interview me in the vestry." The reply was: "I will not. I can not. I can not, father. I came here to get help, to get consolation, and if you can not give such to me, then I will never return to this confessional. I will seek until I find it from

Jesus." Then the priest said to the young prefect: "Are you going to leave the church?" To which he replied: "Father confessor, I am not much concerned about the church at present. What I want is peace, rest. I want to know Jesus." Then the priest said: "Don't you know that all the doctrines and sacraments of our Holy Mother, the Church, were established by Christ and the apostles?" The prefect replied: "I have thought so, but I have found out differently. I have discovered that the auricular confession to priests was established by Pope Leo I.; that the doctrine of *Purgatory* was not established until between the *sixth* and *seventh* centuries, by *Pope Gregory*; that *Gregory* introduced the *mass* and *regulated* the *prayers*; that the *Holy Scriptures* were *with-drawn* from the people about the *seventh century*, and kept so until the *Reformation* by *Martin Luther* in the *sixteenth century*; that it was *Gregory* who concentrated with the bishops at Rome the claim to the *Power* of the *Keys* of St. Peter, and evidently established the *supremacy of the Holy See*, though he was stoutly and permanently resisted by the Patriarchs of Constantinople on behalf of the Eastern and Greek Church." At the conclusion of this, the priest said: "You have been studying hard, have n't you?" "Yes," replied the prefect; "I have been investigating this matter for some time, and I am determined, God helping me, to be sure of my footing." Whereupon the priest, poor fellow, lost utter control of himself. The prefect said: "Father confessor, I would not lose control of myself. Why, there is nothing that con-

vinces me that I am right more than to see you enraged. Your actions now, if seen by the outside world, would disgrace your dignified position as a priest, and your reputation would be gone forever." But the more he tried to calm the priest, the more he became enraged. Poor fellow! I have prayed for him since. He arose to his feet in the confessional, and taking off his biretta, said: "The curse of God will be upon you; and, as the representative of God, I *curse* you—your *eyes*, your *head*, your *brain*, your *hands*, your *feet*, your *past*, your *present*, your *future*—and in the end God will damn you to hell forever; for you are a reprobate; you are an apostate; you are a disgrace to your church, to your father and to your mother." Oh, what a dark cloud came over the prefect at that moment! What a feeling! It seemed that hell itself seized hold upon him. His blood chilled in his veins, and on leaving the church door he cried from his soul: "Jesus, you must help me! I can not, can not stand this burden any longer. It is pressing me down; it will kill me." He will never to his dying day forget that scene. As he took his departure from the church door it seemed to him that he was alone in the world; that all had left him. No one can ever understand the scene save one who has had a like experience. How dark the dismal abode of this underground mine of darkness and superstition no one knows only he or she who has been brought up to see and hear of nothing else. Poor Catholics! How I long, oh, yes, I do long to see you free. For he whom the Son maketh free is free indeed. Oh,

that Protestants would value their opportunities, their privileges, their blessings, and live in unity and harmony with God and one another, thus showing to the Catholic world that they have the Christ-spirit, and constantly live the Christ-life.

CHAPTER X.

CONVERSION.

After leaving the church he went to his room. His heart was sad. He took his Bible, and on opening it his eye caught these words: "He that believeth in me and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Oh, what agony of soul! He had been invited out to spend a pleasant evening, and he thought to himself; "I guess I will go. It will distract me, for I am almost crazy." He had not gone far on his way when he met one of his college chums, who asked him where he was bound for. He told him, "We are going to have a pleasant time to-night. Have you been invited?" His chum said: "Yes; but I am not going. William Vines, who was to have been with us, was found dead this morning." "Nonsense," said the young prefect; "you are now giving me a bluff." "No," said his chum; "I am giving no bluff. If you do n't believe it, you can go to his home and find out for yourself. It is true he is dead." Instead of going to William Vines' home, he took another direction, and stood by where a number of men were employed in digging a large sewer. A chain snapped, letting two large buckets fall below, crushing two men to pieces. The cry rang out from the men below, "Two men killed!" With this an awful chill

came over him, and at the same time the text, "He that believeth in me and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned," burned into his very soul. Then came the words, "He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." He went to his home, kneeling down in his room. He became terrified, and in his fear began to talk with God. But God seemed to be absent from him, away in some far off distance. His heart was so heavy he could not speak audibly, but his inward soul sighed for the living God, for deliverance. Kneeling at his bedside, almost unconsciously to himself, he began to pour out his soul to God. "O Jesus, I am a lost soul! I know I am far away from you, but I do n't know the way to get right. Won't you please help me? It is so dark, dark, dark. This load is so heavy on my heart, I will die of grief unless you come to my assistance." Oh, how blind we are; how patient God is with us! Even in this awful condition he began to plead his *self-righteousness*, and the devil was there to help him to plead his goodness. And while on his knees the devil said to him, "You are not half as bad as you think you are. You have done your best to live right. You have been as faithful as you knew how." Sometimes the devil will tell you the truth to switch you off. He is an *evil, vile, ill devil*. But he does n't know as much as he thinks he does. The young prefect said to himself: "These suggestions are from the devil. I know I am lost, I am undone unless Jesus comes and saves me."

How the blessed Spirit loves, draws, speaks so gently! His heart commenced to break up before God; floods of tears came streaming down from his eyes, and the blessed Spirit whispered, "*Come, come; come to me.*" So plain, so real were the words that he looked around to see if some one were not in the room with him. True, there was some one there. Jesus was there. Certainly, he could not see Him with his corporeal eyes. For the first time, he had discovered His still, sweet, soft, gentle voice. How tender and gentle Jesus is! What a depth, what a comfort in these three words, "*Come unto me!*" Words can never express the meaning they had to his soul. "*Come unto me.*" Truly Christ's words are spirit, and they are life. Oh, hallelujah! hallelujah! He answered in the depth of his soul, "*I will come; I will come. I do renounce all my sin, all my doubts. I will die before I will willfully offend Thee, my loving Lord. I will, I will, I will; I do come to Jesus.*" He had scarcely uttered the last sentence, "*I do come to Jesus,*" than the blessed light shone in upon his soul. O hallowed, sacred spot! And in flowed the words, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Romans v. 1). Glory, glory, glory! Oh, what a text! Oh, what a meaning to his soul! What a flood! "*Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.*" What joy came to his soul!

"What a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know!"

Blessed, hallowed moment when he became acquainted with Jesus!

“Oh, how SWEET to trust in Jesus,
Just to take him at His word;
Just to rest upon His promise,
Just to know—Thus saith the Lord.”

By this time he had secured King James' Version of the Bible, and had returned the Douay Bible to its lawful owner. On opening his Bible, his eye struck the words, “*Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ; for the accuser of our brethren is cast down*” (Rev. xii. 10). That word *salvation* sent a thrill through his soul. No music like it! *Salvation!* It is always new and always rests him. It is refreshing to him in the morning, and peace to his soul in the evening. That word *salvation*, down deep in his soul, is sweeter to him than a thousand worlds. To be justified by *faith*; *adopted* into God's own dear family; to be *regenerated*; to have His own Divine nature imparted into his, to be saved! It is such a refuge, such a rest from his own works. “His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.” No one but Jesus could do this for his poor soul. Life has brought many sorrows and fears to him; his heart has ached many times, his tears have flowed; sleep has fled; but never has he felt anything like the weight of sin. Of all miseries, sin is to him the most miserable. It is worse than pain, worse than sorrow. There is nothing else like it. Sin troubled all the past of

his life. It had turned sunshine into darkness. It seemed to poison the very blessings of God, which were intended for his happiness. It made death, judgment and eternity an intolerable blackness. Truly he had felt the weight of sin. There is no weight like it. He was like the boy who was born in the mine, and who had never seen the surface. He had looked to himself for deliverance, but he had found he was an infinity of weakness. He had looked to the creature in the person of the priest, the saints, and the Virgin Mary, to his father, his mother; but they were helpless to bring him to the surface. But when he looked to Jesus alone, He forgave him the past, and washed away his guilt in His own precious blood. His Spirit opened the eyes of his understanding; he prostrated himself upon the floor of his room in wonder, love, adoration, astonishment, at the God who had brought him out of darkness into light, and placed him on an equality in sonship with His own dear Son. Oh, it is such a joy to his soul to be emancipated. What a joy this salvation is. Words can not tell it, and thoughts can not think it. It must be thought out of a burning heart and an enlightened mind that has entered into the blessed experience of the new birth. Peace! Peace! "To know Him is life eternal." To know Him is but to love Him. "His Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the sons of God." Hallelujah! He knew he had passed from death unto life because he loved the brethren.

CHAPTER XI.

CONVICTION OF ORIGINAL SIN.

Doubtless, if you have read carefully the previous chapter, you can not help but lift your heart to God in praise for the conversion of this Roman Catholic, and you will not hesitate or doubt for a moment but that God did convert his soul, that he was born of the Spirit from above, from Heaven. For the Holy Spirit has given and does give him now the divine assurance that he is an adopted son of his Heavenly Father. Glory! For three months he had a big time. The Word became his delight. It was glorious. Hallelujah! It has been and is now his delight. Oh, the immensity of space, the fathomless depths, the underlying current of wisdom, the mysteries to be solved. It has often seemed strange to him that anyone should have to go outside of the Bible to find sermons to preach. Its simple illustrations, clear allegories, beautiful parables, its divine teachings, its imperishable and satisfying food, its child-like simplicity, and still its profound depths are truly marvelous. Oh, that our Protestant brethren, as well as my poor Roman Catholic friends, would read and study and pray over the Word. *Blessed, blessed book. Book of wisdom, knowledge, and love and mercy; a bottomless ocean; a mine of gold; divine, heavenly, sublime truths; it warns and aids*

the sinner, and woos the back-slidden. Its sublime and simple teachings *illumine, inspire, sustain, rejoice* the heart. Read other good, sound holiness books and periodicals if you can secure them, but never neglect this Book of books, this Holy Book, the Book on holiness. Its teachings will stay with you. How he has proven it a light to his soul, a lamp to his feet, a guide to his path. It teaches him how to live in this crooked and perverse world. Read it on your knees, read it in God's presence. Remember, when you pray, you commune with God; when you read the Word, God communes with you. Read it with meekness and humility of heart. Read it with a heart willing to obey its divine commands, and to appropriate its promises. Oh, that we would get saved from our whims and fancies, and our little, narrow, two-by-three, iron-bed ideas, and that we would sail out and read the Word, and teach it more, and have it living in our own hearts. We have a big salvation. As someone has said, "It is bottomless, topless, sideless, depthless, heightless, endless." True, the poor finite can never grasp the infinite. When you are asked where is God, do not point the poor seeker to the omnipotent, omniscient, all-wise Being, or to Him who fills all space, or to the great Almighty whose circumference can not be reached, and whose depths are past finding out; but point him to Jesus, and in Him you can see God, who will satisfy the longings of your heart; Jesus, who has purchased this great, big salvation. This salvation is a big thing. I have mourned to hear folks narrowing to buttons, and

ties, and uniforms, and the amount of hair on your face, and tidies on chairs, and the height of your beds. The good Lord deliver us from such petty, narrow views of God's great heart of love. This salvation is as universal as His love. It opens its arms. *All, all, all* of every nation, kindred and tribe who will *repent* and *believe* can have this wonderful salvation. Oh, that Protestants everywhere would read the Word; not only profess it to be a sacred book, to be admired and revered, to be kept on the nice parlor table, or upon some ornamental pulpit, like the missal is kept upon the altar in the Catholic Church, allowing no one to touch it but the priest; but that they would read it with reference to godly fear, claim the divine Spirit to help them, so that they might get from its pages the food to feed their starving souls and the grace and wisdom and courage to impart it to others. In times of trouble it will comfort and cheer you. When difficulties press upon you on every side, when rejected by loved ones, turn to its pages; turn to the God who has inspired it; He will comfort and console you; and when you pass through the darkest and most obscure times of your life, when your heart is nigh breaking, then the beautiful, sweet chords of heaven's music will come through its verses to stimulate, refresh and rest your troubled heart. Do not think it presumptuous on my part, precious Protestant brethren, to beseech you to pray more and read this blessed Book. It will show you your past; reveal the present condition of your souls; show you what you are, and what you ought to be, to do,

and how and where to do it. When rightly read, and read in the proper spirit, it will reveal to you the perfect law of liberty. How he has proven it. Even in his ministry, after an hour's intercourse with God and the Word, standing before a congregation, though he has realized his insufficiency and unworthiness, and his natural timidity; how the Spirit has helped him, and backed up his words with divine power and burned them into the hearts of his hearers! Verily he has proven that his sufficiency is in God. Hallelujah! There is a great deal of stress laid upon the value of extraordinary gifts. It is well to have them, and doubtless we would have a greater manifestation of these gifts if the Church were back to her primitive, *Pentecostal* purity and power. But he is more than ever convinced that one who is filled with the Spirit of God, making right use of the gifts with which God has already endowed him can accomplish more for Christ's kingdom, and the building up of His Church, and the salvation of immortal souls, than many of our eminent, scholarly divines and theological professors who lack the endowment of the Spirit's power. Poor, dear Catholics. You are not encouraged to read the Word, but Protestant brethren who have this privilege do not avail themselves of it as much as they should. As stated before, for three months after his conversion, our subject was so light-hearted he could almost fly. Everything was changed to him. O hallelujah! He had been brought up out of the dark mine of Romanism, which he had been in, and had come to the surface, out into a new

world. He was charmed with a view of the towns and cities and busy beehives he had come to explore. Truly, it was a wonderful revelation to him, the immensity of space, the undreamed-of distances, the gigantic proportions of the new world. It seemed to overwhelm his mind and overflow his heart, and he could not but help many times, when alone in his room, casting himself down upon his face and worshipping in a rapture of joy the Christ who had pardoned him and who had brought him from out of the horrible pit into His most marvelous light, from the power of Satan unto God; who had forgiven him his sins and given him an inheritance among them who are sanctified by faith, that is, in Him. His heart would overflow. At times he would stand in the street with wonder and amazement, and look down at his shoes and his hands; and sometimes in his home he would look into the mirror to see if it were really himself or somebody else. How true, how true. Old things have passed away, and behold they have become new; yes, *brand new*. Glory to God! He was a new creature in Christ Jesus. There was no condemnation in his soul. He was walking after the Spirit. It seemed to him that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate him from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." So God revealed the light upon his heart. He obeyed at all costs. He would have rather died at any time than willfully have displeased his loving Lord. He knew he was

His child, His adopted son. His spirit bore witness to the fact in his heart. He could, lovingly and with confidence, look into the immaculate, loving and paternal face of his Heavenly Father with the eye of faith, and call him "Abba, Father," and in the language of Henry F. Lyte, repeat:

"I have called Thee 'Abba, Father,'

I have set my heart on Thee.

Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,

All must work for good to me."

Ah, yes; if we only knew it, He is weaving out our lives for His own glory and our good, and many things that now seem incomprehensible and hard for us to understand, will be proven to be all right when we shall behold Him face to face. Be assured that God is working together all things for our good. One evening, while in the height of his glory, he went out to have a walk through the city. It was after a season of blessed communion with God. His soul was bathed in heavenly peace. He had a blessed fellowship with Jesus. He knew Him, and there was nothing in earth or hell to make him believe otherwise, for God Himself had given him the divine assurance. He had not even grown lukewarm or cold. He was not backslidden. In fact, he knew nothing about the backslidden condition. He had too good a thing to part with it. He was His child. In going up the street he noticed a gentleman in clerical garb coming toward him, and on drawing near, he discovered by his Roman

collar that he was a Catholic priest. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, like a flash of lightning, bitterness sprang up into his heart, and with this bitterness these thoughts flashed through his mind: "There is that *priest*. He is one of those fellows who are provided with fine homes, who are well fed, have their fine cigars and whisky punches daily; who are waited on daily by servants and worshiped by their congregation; who pretend to be the ambassadors of the Lord Jesus Christ, but who are deceiving the people." And with that the awful spirit of *revenge* sprang up into his heart. He stood in astonishment. He was awfully alarmed. He said, over and over again, "My God, my God, *what does this mean? Jesus help me! Jesus help me!* Jesus, give me grace!" As quick as lightning a voice spoke to him, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he can not sin, because he is born of God." "Yes; that is true. I know I am a Christian. I would not offend Thee for a thousand worlds." But another voice said, in an awful, harsh and dreadful tone: "You are a liar! You are not a Christian; you are a heretic; you are a damned soul; you are on your way to hell; you have left the true church!" He knew that was a lie, for he had not troubled himself about leaving or going into any church up to this time. In fact, he did not know whether he was a Roman Catholic or a Protestant. All he knew was that he was *converted*. Another sweet, gentle, loving voice said to him, "*Peace, be still.*" With that a sweet sense of peace came over his soul.

When he got home he went to his room — that hallowed spot, his Bethel—and opened his Bible to those blessed words, “The just shall live by faith.” New light came to him. It is *by faith*. Not joy, not delights, but by faith. He prayed thus:

CHAPTER XII.

CONVICTION OF ORIGINAL SIN — CONTINUED.

"Lord, you must keep me. I know I am Thy child. I know Thou hast pardoned all of my sins. I know I have not offended Thee. I know I have the witness of Thy Holy Spirit that I am Thy child. I would gladly die before I would wilfully and consciously sin against Thee." With that the *devil* attacked him again, while on his knees: "You are a liar! If you were a Christian, you would never feel that bitterness, that revenge in your heart, against any one." "Perhaps," I said, "that is true." But just at that moment a blessed, tender, gentle voice whispered, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." With that the devil fled. Hallelujah! A sweet peace came over his soul. Glory! Then he said: "Dear Jesus, will you kindly show me what this bitterness is; this thing that has horrified me so and given me so much trouble; that has cast such a gloom over me? Blessed Jesus, do show the cause of this uprising in my heart. I have never discovered it before." Dear child of God, you who have been truly regenerated, born of the Spirit, do n't let the devil deceive you that you were never converted. Stick to your *know-so* conversion, and when you feel this uprising within, which doubtless, sooner or later, will come to you, do n't lister

to the devil or his imps, but run and tell it to Jesus. No matter how folks may theorize, or argue, or dispute about it, saying they get it all at once at conversion, if they will be honest with God and their own conscience, they will have to acknowledge the fact that, while they have become new creatures in Christ Jesus, there still remains that *dark something* which impedes their progress and usefulness in the divine life, and which hinders a glorious life of perpetual triumph. Paul, in writing to the church at Corinth, says that though they were babes in Christ, still they were carnal; in writing to the church at Ephesus, he speaks of the "old man"; in the eighth chapter of Romans he terms it the flesh (*sarx*); and in writing to the Christians at Galatia, he states that "the flesh lusted against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh."

Now, beloved, the fact is that all truly regenerated folks who walk in the light of God, sooner or later discover this *dark something*, this *original sin*, this *old Adamic nature* still remaining after they are truly born of God. And what astonishes the writer most is that any Protestant minister should teach to the contrary, since it is in the *formulae*, *creeds* and *hymn books* of all *evangelical churches*, *Catholic*, *Methodist*, *Presbyterian*, *Baptist*, *Congregationalist*, and I might enumerate them all. They all acknowledge and teach that there still remain the roots of bitterness, which are not removed when the soul is regenerated; that there still remains the *seed principle of sin*. Abraham, Isaiah, Jacob, Moses, Joshua, David and Paul, Mr. Wesley, and Bramwell, and Fletcher, and Finney, and

Catherine Booth, and Asbury, and thousands of living witnesses to-day, have found it so, and the subject of this experience among the rest, in face of all that may be said and taught to the contrary. Under the illumination of the Holy Spirit, after he was regenerated, he discovered that dark something, which, had he not confessed and gone to the consuming, purifying and sanctifying fire of Pentecost, would have either driven him back to the *darkness of Romanism* or to *infidelity*. Thank God that he went on! It was slow work with him, but — hallelujah to the Lamb! — he got there. And every Christian who has been truly regenerated must be going forward to Pentecost, or have lost, or be losing, ground in the regenerated life. This may seem hard to say, but it is evidently true. The good Lord help us, at all costs, to press on our way, through men and demons, to Pentecost, and to come down from our upper rooms cleansed, purified, sanctified, and a flame of living, holy fire to conquer and capture this world for Jesus. There is deliverance. Hallelujah! For Christ was manifest in the flesh to *destroy the works* of the devil. This “old man” is not human nature, as many suppose. It is the devil-work, and — blessed be God! — the fires of Pentecost will burn the devil-work out of us. It is not developed or grown out — death and the purgatorian flames are powerless to destroy it; but here and now, by a complete, entire and unreserved abandonment of our ransomed powers to God, the fire will descend and consume the dross, and bring our natures into harmony with the Divine and our wills into

conformity with His. It has been, and is, alarming to him that Protestants, and especially Protestant ministers, should oppose and even fight this precious doctrine and experience of entire sanctification; that they should look with suspicion upon a brother minister who lovingly and tenderly, and in the spirit of Jesus, teaches it; that they should consider him unsafe, not sound, and not fit to undertake the care of a responsible charge if he should dare to lead his people into this blessed and gracious experience of full salvation. It is really a problem which many times has puzzled him, that those who will dare to honor the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse and sanctify will be looked upon, mind you, not by Roman Catholic priests merely, but by Protestants and Protestant divines, as fanatical, as folks who have lost their heads, and who are ignorant and not scholarly. You will find, as he has found, that the only remedy is to get to Pentecost.

As I have stated before, he whose experience is herein related found this dark something remaining in his soul after his conversion. He did not know what was the matter. At times, it made everything feel so dark; at other times, it made him feel gloomy; at still other times, he was out of sorts with the little progress he was making in the divine life. Sometimes he would feel *warm, blessed*; again, so *cold*. He did not know what was the matter with him. A much deeper conviction came upon his soul than when he was convicted for his sins. He knew his actual sins were *all* forgiven. He knew he had never doubted his conversion. He knew he was a child of God.

Many times when the devil would torment him and try to make him believe he was never converted, he would point to the very spot where God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned his sins. In fact, the devil found it was no use tempting him on that line any more. He has many times thought the devil never gets discouraged, for when he is done tempting you on one line, he is bound to come to you on another. So the devil came to him again and said: "You are all right; you have been truly converted; no one ever had a clearer or brighter conversion than you." "Well," he said, "that's true; my conversion was as clear as the noonday sun." "You just go on," continued the devil, "and grow in grace. You can grow into a richer and deeper experience; you can be a little more *earnest*; have a little more *devotion*; *multiply a few prayers*; *fast* a little more, and you will be all right, and all this trouble you have will wear away." Well, all this looked very plausible. He said: "Very well, I will do that." He became a little more earnest, multiplied prayers, and fasted a little more; but in place of feeling any *better*, he felt *worse*. Then he said to himself: "This is all a delusion of the devil. This is the very way I tried to find Jesus as my personal Saviour. Why, I have come to the end of my *growth*. I see I can *grow* no more until this *dark something* is taken away." True, he was *developing intellectually* in the knowledge of divine things; true, he was getting a better understanding of the Word; but this knowledge was only intellectual, and was in advance of his heart. This is *poor bread* to live upon.

One evening, while sitting alone in his room, these thoughts ran through his mind as he questioned himself, "What were you baptized for?" "Why," he said, "I was baptized that I might be *cleansed* from *original sin*, be made a Christian, a child of God, and an heir of the kingdom of heaven." He was struck with the words, "*original sin*"—*sin of origin*. He said to himself, "I have never been guilty of this sin, for it has been transmitted to me from my first parents. I have been born and conceived a child of wrath." He could not ask Almighty God to *pardon* him for that sin, for he had never been *guilty* of it. He was baptized when an infant, but it was evident that the water never cleansed this original sin away, for if it had, he would not have had it troubling him then. This water-religion had provoked him. Why, all the water in the five great oceans would fail to wash the old Adam away. He can stand all the water you could give him, whether by sprinkling, pouring or immersing. He never grumbles until you bring him up to the altar where the fire falls. Just at this moment the devil came in. He is not merely an influence; he is a real personal devil, and he is quite a *theologian*! He said: "Certainly the doctrine of original sin is true, but there is no getting rid of it this side of death." "Well," thought he, "this is the devil, sure; for where would it be taken away? There is no such a place as *Purgatory*, either in the Douay Bible or in King James' Version. That is a lie of the devil, anyhow." You know the devil said if you got rid of that

you would be ready to die, and then it is necessary to have this *original sin* to keep you *humble*. "Well," he thought, "it is strange that sin will make you humble. Why, that's Roman Catholic theology, and if I got rid of it I would be ready to die. That's just what I need." But then the devil said: "If you get rid of this original sin, you will never be able to keep it." "Why," was the reply, "that's a downright falsehood. I have n't got to keep it if I get rid of it. *Jesus* will keep me." And the moment he mentioned *Jesus*, the devil fled. At this point he was so tired he felt as though he had been beaten. So tired; but *Jesus* came to his relief. Hallelujah! As I stated, he began to hunt up the words, "*original sin*," or *sin of origin*. Thank God, we can be done with this sin business forever. He found out that this "*original sin*" was nothing more or less than the "*Old Man*," the *carnal nature*, the "*lust*" which Paul speaks about so plainly in his Epistles. He hunted up the word *cleanse*, and in the original Greek he found it had the same meaning as *purge*, *purify*, *sanctify*. He asked himself the question, "Was I not cleansed when I was regenerated? Was I not made holy then? Certainly all my sins were forgiven, never more to be brought up against me. But turning over to I. Corinthians iii. 1-3, he found he was but a "*babe in Christ*," and that while he was a babe in Christ, he was still carnal, for there was interior strife, a constant faction fight going on inside. "Well," he said to himself, "I am a babe in Christ, but I am having an awful time inside." This is Paul's teaching.

CHAPTER XIII.

DEATH AND SANCTIFICATION.

The question may be argued here, Is sanctification attainable before the hour of death? Some give a negative answer, and strongly maintain that we can not be fully sanctified till death; therefore, this question claims careful consideration. To attribute our full salvation from all sin to the power of death, as taught by some of our Protestant brethren; or to the purifying flames of purgatory, as taught by the Roman Catholic Church, is contrary to the tenor of the Holy Scriptures. Our entire sanctification, both in the Protestant and Douay Bibles, is ascribed to the truth, to the Holy Spirit, and to the blood of Christ, and nowhere to the power of death or the flames of purgatory. Some will tell us that they do not for a moment ascribe full salvation to the power of death, but still they tell us it is impossible to live it amid the busy scenes of life. They think we must wait till our last moments before *we can fully obtain it*. The Scriptures nowhere affirm that full salvation can not be enjoyed before the hour of physical dissolution. Paul, on the contrary, prayed that the believers at Thessalonica might enjoy it. Why may not believers in our day enjoy the same exalted blessedness? Have they not an interest in the same Saviour? Do they not live under the same dis-

pensation? Do not the same promises apply to them? To say that we can not be entirely sanctified till the hour of death is to doubt or deny the power of the remedy for our moral malady; it is, in fact, to deny the efficacy of the blood of Christ. If we admit that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, then we must admit that the cleansing does *not depend upon death or the purifying flames of purgatory* at all. If we admit the blood can cleanse us a minute before death, then we must admit it can do so an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year—and why not twenty or fifty years as well as one?

Having got this far, we want to inquire whether entire sanctification is an instantaneous or a progressive work? We believe it neither incompatible with reason or Scripture to say it is both an instantaneous and a progressive work. Although it be admitted that our evil nature is not fully destroyed at the time of our justification, yet if the justified believer continues faithful, there will be no pause in his progress; every day will the desire for holiness increase, and the conviction of its necessity become deeper and deeper. He will thus make progress till he obtain not only a victory over, but a complete deliverance from, all sin. Not even then will his progress cease, but being made free from sin and filled with perfect love—yea, with the fulness of God—he will have his fruit unto holiness, he will more rapidly progress in the divine life than ever before. Nor will his progress cease in heaven. If we, therefore, consider entire sanctification in its relation to justification and eternal life in heaven, we

must regard it as a progressive work — progressive previous to its full attainment, progressive after its attainment, and progressive in heaven itself. But if we believe entire sanctification in itself abstractly as being full deliverance from all sin, it must be regarded as an instantaneous work. Were we even of the opinion that we could reach this point of blessedness only by progressive stages, yet, as Mr. Wesley says, “there must be a last moment when sin exists in the soul, and a first moment when it does not exist.” Can we for a moment imagine that He whose power is almighty can not destroy sin in the soul and fill it with perfect love in an instant? Can we for a moment imagine that He who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity with the least degree of allowance, can be at all reluctant or unwilling to *take away our sins in a moment* in answer to believing prayer? Can we be guilty of so far doubting the sufficiency of the remedy as to indulge the thought that the blood of Christ can not cleanse us from all sin in a single instant of time? Why, then, should we wait for the accomplishment of this work by gradual progress? If God is able and willing to accomplish it in a moment, should we not immediately seek an instantaneous application of the blood of Christ as an instantaneous communication of the fulness of God, so that individually we may be able to say with the poet:

“’T is done, Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through the blood I have,
And perfect love and peace”?

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW HE OBTAINED THE BLESSING OF ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

You can see from the twelfth chapter that our subject had discovered, after his regeneration, a strife, a faction fight going on in his own heart. Still he was a babe in Christ, while he was still carnal. He began to reason to himself thus: "Well, I can not be *absolutely* perfect; that's impossible for human beings; and I can not be like an *angel* because I am living down in this world; and doubtless as long as I am on *probation* I will be *tempted*; and I can not be *perfect* in the sense of *judging rightly*, for I know I will make many *mistakes*. And here I find the Apostle Paul had his *infirmities*. I can not get above that, for I have and will have my *infirmities*. Paul says he gloried in them." Then turning over to the fourth chapter of John's First Epistle, he found these words: "Herein is our love made perfect." He knew that he had love, but it was a *mixed* love; he knew that his heart was joyful, but it was a *mixed* joy, was not a *perfect* joy; he knew that he believed God, that he had faith in God, but it was a *mixed* faith. He knew that there would be terror for him at the judgment. And John goes on to say: "As he is, so are we in this world." So he thought thus: "Well, this is for me,

teaching me that, denying ungodliness and worldly lust, I should live *soberly, righteously, godly* in this present world." Turning over to Thessalonians he found that it was the will of God, even *his* sanctification; in I. Peter i. 16, he found that God wanted him to be holy; and in Thessalonians again, that the very God of peace would *sanctify* him wholly, and that Paul prayed that the saints might be *preserved* blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. The last clause of that text stated, "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." He began to see that it was his blessed privilege to be holy, to be pure, to be entirely sanctified, to be a chosen vessel of God, and made meet for the Master's use. But the way to get sanctified was his puzzle. He wandered around in this way for about six months. He had no works on holiness. He had never heard a sermon on the subject; in fact, up to that time, he had never heard a sermon by a Protestant minister, to his knowledge. But he had the Word of God and the Holy Spirit. Doubtless this was the human agency (the Word) which the Holy Spirit used. It is foolishness to say that God does not use human agency. He often uses some book, paper, individual or past teaching to bring one into the blessed experience. He came up to his Kadesh-barnea, to his place of holy trial, but somehow he wandered about there and did not know how to go up and possess the promised land. He made inquiries from some professing Christians, who had become his dear friends, some of them having been members of Protestant churches for eighteen

or twenty years, but they knew nothing about it; in fact, they thought he was commencing to lose his mind to speak of such a subject at all, and advised him to be careful about the subject of sanctification. Of course, he listened to them respectfully, but in his heart he thought, "These precious souls do not know much of God's dealings with them." They have been in the church for a number of years." He would not wound their feelings for a thousand worlds. But he felt grieved to think that they knew so little about the deep things of God.

He found no help save what God gave him through His Word; and oh, how He did help him! Praise His precious name! He became deeply interested in the subject of sanctification. He hunted up the concordance; he hunted up all the Roman Catholic works he could find on the subject, but they were generally all on the line of penance and mortification and work; work, work, work. He had grown tired of that, and he wanted an easier, better, more Scriptural way. He thought, after all, the only way to get it is to pray about it, and he commenced to pray that God would sanctify him. He prayed every day for hours at a time, asking God to enlighten him, to sanctify him, to make him holy, to make him clean. The more he prayed, the darker it became to him; obstacles on every side stood up against him, but he was determined to be wholly God's, and to know His will concerning him. He prayed and studied the Word, sought divine light, divine guidance. The more he prayed for light to come into his heart, the darker his

heart seemed. At night, when alone in his room, he came across these words of the Psalmist: "*Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.*" It was not, search my sister, or my brother, or my friends, or my relations, but "*search me.*" Oh, what a depth of meaning in these words, "*Search me*"—search my thoughts, search my intentions, search my motives, search the inner tendencies of my heart. Oh, what a revelation! How the old man squirms and turns and twists when he is going to be revealed by the Holy Ghost. How he makes excuses; how he will come up and pretend to be pious, and to be as good as everybody else, if not better; how he is willing to pray more, and to give more, and to work more; how he will behave himself, and make resolutions, and say he will be decent, and kind, and careful, and wise, and prudent; how he will try to convince one of his learning, and of his talents, and of his gifts, and of his intelligence; how he is willing to do anything and everything in order to escape being exposed. But, God helping him, he was determined to show up the deceit, the essence of pride, of pomposity, of so-called culture, the essence of conceit, the essence of selfishness, the cunningness, the craftiness of this "old man." And casting himself on his face before God, he became terrified, and cried, "*O God, I never thought my heart was so wicked.*" How true it is that the heart is deceitful, and desperately wicked, and who can know it? He continued to pray: "O God,

search me, search me, search me; O God, search me. I want you to try me; I want you to know me. No matter how people may know me, or what they may say, or think about me, O God, I want you to know me."

The Holy Spirit came to him, and said to him these words, almost, it seemed to him, calling him by name: "Do you want to be sanctified? do you want to be clean? do you want to be holy?" He did not scold him, but lovingly, tenderly, with a father's love, He told him it was his privilege, and that he could be wholly and entirely and completely His. He answered from the depth of his soul, "Yes, yes. I want to be sanctified at the cost of everything. I want to be wholly Thine." For a while he knelt in silence in his room. Oh, the hallowed spot, where the sacred fire came upon his soul! I do not say that God deals with every soul as He did with that one, and therefore it is not safe to expect your experience to be like his or that of any one else. God may not deal the same with every soul in its consecration, but in whatever way He deals with you, He will lead you into the glorious experience of Beulah Land, if you will but follow the dictates and leading of His holy Spirit, as taught in His Word. Alone and in his room, God showed him, in the first and second verses of the twelfth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, that, if he were to be His sanctified child, he should present Him all that he had for time and eternity; that all his ransomed powers were to be His; that if he wanted to be transformed, he must not be conformed to this world;

that his sacrifice was to be a *living* one; and that it was to be a reasonable sacrifice; that there was nothing unreasonable about it, and that God would accept it. It seemed that God dealt with him in this manner: "*Will you give me your body? Will you give me your memory, your understanding, your time, your talents, your influence, your reputation?* Are you willing to be looked upon as a *fool*, as a *lunatic*? Are you willing to give up your home with its comforts? Are you willing to sever all connection with the Catholic Church? Are you willing to suffer for my sake? Are you willing to give up your father?" He was the only child of a fond father, of a loving mother. It seemed that this was going down deep into his heart; that he was understanding something of the awful death of the "old man." The Holy Spirit revealed to his heart his very *idol*. He knew that he loved his mother, that she was the joy of his soul. God came, and said: "Are you willing to give me your *mother*?" That moment he *paused*, hesitated for a *whole hour*. He felt that he was in the presence of God, and said: "Anything else, Lord, but not my mother. I am willing to do, to dare, to suffer; I am willing to be looked upon as a fool, as a lunatic; willing to preach Thy gospel and testify to Thy sanctifying power; willing to go anywhere and everywhere; but do not ask me to give up my mother." And the Holy Spirit said: "It is not these things I am asking you now. Are you willing to abandon your mother into my hands?" With that came a stroke. Oh, it was a frightful stroke; it was a desperate stroke.

It was an awful moment. For a whole hour God wrestled with him. It seemed to him it was *holiness or hell*. He said: "Lord, Lord, give me Thy word." And these were the words that the Holy Spirit gave him: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." He *had died* to self. Now, in truth, he could say: "*I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.*" The Holy Spirit then revealed Christ in him in His sanctifying power.

Oh, can I describe the next? No, never. Heart could never conceive it; eye could never see it; but it is revealed unto us and freely given us by God. Oh, what sweet rest! What harmony and quiet in this holy assurance! What holy triumph! Jesus had become his sanctifier! Oh, this mystery of love, the very God himself coming to dwell in him! He did receive the Holy Ghost. He sank into nothingness, while Jesus became all and in all to him. The Holy Spirit glorified Jesus. He saw Jesus as never before, and he realized, as never before, that through His precious blood he was *saved and sanctified*. Wonderful was the change which he then experienced in his interior life. His whole will was brought into harmony with God's will. He had found his home in God, for "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." He was not only reconciled to God, but Jesus now had become the sanctifier of his nature; the foundation of his spirit-

ual, interior structure; the balm of all his wounds; the eye-salve of all his blindness; the guide in all his perplexities; his hope in all his discouragements; his light in all his intellectual darkness; his joy in all his heaviness. It seemed that the bottom of heaven had fallen into his soul. And on *testifying* to his mother of what God had done for him, it seemed that the flood-gates of glory opened, and the mighty river of the Holy Ghost overwhelmed him with joy. Oh, what a blessed quiet! Blessed assurance! These words came to his soul: "Being sanctified by the Holy Ghost" (Rom. xv. 16); "For by one offering he hath *perfected* forever them that are *sanctified*, whereof the Holy Ghost also is a *witness* to us" (Heb. x. 14, 15). Blessed! Blessed! The wisdom of the cherubim can not fathom the depths of this mystery of godliness, but it was his privilege to enter into the *Sanctum Sanctorum*. He has become his perpetual food, his constant strength; and the more he knows of Him the more he is lost in love at His condescension in coming to dwell with us poor mortals. Oh, hallowed experience, blessed hour that gave him the singleness of a pure heart and found him the object of His love. Formerly, He was *with* him, now He dwells *in* him. It is too much, too much; but God has given him the evidence in these words, "Being sanctified by the Holy Ghost" (Rom. xv. 16). It seems to him his life has been a life of perfect peace, of perfect rest, of perfect joy. Trials have come, difficulties have come, temptation has flooded him; he has been tested on every side, and

tried on every side, but Jesus, his Jesus, has always proven to be his Friend, his Saviour, his Sanctifier, his all in all. He can not express it in better words than were written by Frances Ridley Havergal:

“Perfect, yet it floweth
Fuller every day;
Perfect, yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.
Like a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.”

CHAPTER XV.

GROWTH IN HOLINESS.

Many imagine that, when we teach that people are sanctified in this life, they have got all the religion they can possibly get, and that there is no possibility of developing after we are sanctified wholly. I trust you will banish that thought from your mind forever. We have only *here and now* to become clean, pure, holy, sanctified, but all time and eternity to grow, to develop in this wonderful life of holiness. Here and now we can receive the quality, but we have all time and all eternity to get the quantity. Sanctification is not *growth*, or *age*, or *long experience*, or *culture*, or *learning*, but it is *cleanliness*, *purity*; it is the Holy Ghost applying the blood to the cleansing of our moral nature. "For we can not ascend into the hill of the Lord, or stand in His holy place unless we have clean hands and a pure heart." This converted and sanctified Roman Catholic has found out that it is easy to grow, to develop, after receiving this wonderful blessing, and that all worry and anxiety about growth is entirely taken away. He has found that this life in holiness is a life of joy. "The disciples were filled with joy and the Holy Ghost." The joy of the Lord has become his strength. In his regenerated life he had joy, but in his sanctified life he has the joy of the

Lord fulfilled within him. Not his joy merely, but he has entered into the joy of the Lord. At times he has special heavenly gales, and sometimes it rushes in upon him like a mighty flood, causing him to *leap* or *shout*, or to be so lost as not to be able to express himself. Unspeakable and full of glory, he just feels a wave now, as he is writing this. Glory, hallelujah! Oh, this blessed, deep melting of the heart, bursting out into holy laughter, or blessed weeping before God. It is blessed, blessed! "The willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land." But above and before all this ecstasy or manifestation or demonstration is the *deep, inner, blessed assurance of solid, quiet, permanent soul rest*, giving him the knowledge of the personal presence of the Comforter, who has come to stay, to dwell, to keep his soul sanctified. The joy that comes from this sacred, hallowed stillness before God is too much for his pen to write or his tongue to express. He does not wonder at the expression of the poet, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to praise my God!" This boundless ocean of holy joy can never be fathomed. It is blessed, restful, quiet peace, heavenly joy, that surpasseth knowledge. God is an infinite God. We can never exhaust the wonders of His wisdom, knowledge, goodness, grace and glory in this brief lifetime.

He of whom these pages tell the story, has found out not only that it is a life of joy, but a life of perfect faith, of perfect distrust in himself, and of perfect trust in God. He can not lean to his own understanding. He

can not trust to himself one moment. If he should he would fail. He has learned in this life of holiness to trust God every moment with implicit confidence. Whether the tide of joy is full, or at low water mark, he knows that he is entirely abandoned to the whole will of God, and that whatever God does for him, or is doing for him, is for his good. God is his Father, and his Father loves him with a Father's heart. He knows He will not lead him astray; he trusts Him fully without any reserve, in intellectual darkness, in sorrow, in perplexity, in difficulties, in sickness, in lonely paths, in the midst of false brethren, in poverty. When he is put up into a tight place, where he can not see, or trace, or feel, or understand,

"When all around his soul gives way
Jesus is all his hope and stay."

He does not think he shall ever understand that text in its full sense till he gets to glory: "All things work together for good to them that love God." But by faith in his Heavenly Father, he does know that they do work together for good. Therefore, he dare not question God's dealings with him. He is wholly God's. God is his Father; he trusts Him perfectly, without disputing, without murmuring, without a doubt. He relies entirely upon Him. He considers it blessed that he has been privileged to enter into this blessed, trusting, believing life of faith. He is beginning to comprehend with the saints the richness of this exalted life of holiness—poor,

yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things. He is commencing to comprehend something of the faith of the old patriarchs and prophets, who lived and died according to their faith. He has moved over into that wonderful "Faith Chapter," the eleventh of Hebrews, and he has begun to dig down to the lives of those blessed men of God who laughed at impossibilities, and knew "that all things are possible to him that believeth." They were persuaded, convinced of the promises; they identified themselves with them, come weal or woe; they confessed to the world the confession that God demanded from them in those days.

"A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;
That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Nor Satan's art beguile."

This life of faith has protected him from running off into fanaticism. He has learned that this faith is not some "will-o'-the-wisp" thing. It has its biography. The principle of it is within his own heart. It aids him to see providences and feel interior, God-given impressions. It helps him to mind the checks, and seek for guidance in the Word. It assists him to exercise his better judgment, and to be slow in acting until the four agree. He has learned to know the devil's voice, for he

always scolds and speaks harshly and tries to rush him, but the Holy Spirit speaks with gentle, sweet, soft voice, and tells him to be slow. He has learned to know to some degree the excarnate as well as the incarnate evil spirits, and not to be fooled by them. He has proven as never before that he can not do, or go, or stay unless Jesus is with him. He has come into perfect unity with God in his moral nature. Blessed unity, blessed trust, blessed fellowship! What his Father wants, he wants; what his Father loves, he loves; what his Father hates, he hates; what his Father sought, he seeks—such is this blessed union in this life of faith. His joy, his delight is to live in conformity with the will of God, and to live only for His glory. And his perpetual prayer is, "Lord, have Thy way and will in me." He has also learned that this life is a life of patience. After he had received the blessing of holiness or entire sanctification, he found out that, more than ever, he was tested, proved, tried, peculiarly tempted, and that the application of the principle of obedience was brought out in his every-day life. He does not believe in parading his sufferings, for he considers it a privilege to be counted worthy to suffer with his Lord and Master. But he understands what it is to be misunderstood, misrepresented, to be disowned by a loving father and a precious mother, and to bid them a last good-bye until he shall meet them in the "morning"; to have his infirmities severely criticised; to walk lonely paths, almost friendless; to be often declared backslidden; his motives judged; his former companions and friends, not alone

Catholics, but Protestants, and even Protestant ministers, to stand off from him in suspicion, considering him unsafe; to be looked upon as ignorant, and sometimes he has known others to advise people not to hear him preach — that his teaching was fanatical, that he was not to be relied upon as a sound teacher; considered unwise, over-zealous, a hobbyist; even loved ones considered him strange, and turned their backs on him; he has been cast out and disowned by these loved ones; he has had intellectual darkness; temptations have swept in upon him like a flood; his heart has been made to heave and sigh and sob; many times trials and difficulties and lonely paths have been his; but Jesus has never left him; and, blessed be God! he has proven that perfect love in his heart can bear it all, without a murmur, without a complaint.

He has made many mistakes; he has his infirmities; but the precious, loving Lord has been so tender, so gentle in dealing with him, in order that he might get him away from everybody and everything, to learn the depth and meekness of the lowly heart of Jesus; He has done all this to bring him into the Christlike school, the college of the precious heart; to teach him the blessed deep lessons of patience, and inward, silent love that stands still before God, and "waits patiently upon him." Jesus is teaching him great lessons of gentleness, of forbearance, of patience under all sorts of provocation, slander, lies, false report, loss of pulpit, of home comforts, sickness, sorrow, poverty, death of friends. He has

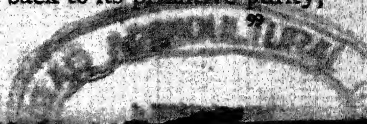
found that sweet, gentle submission, loving meekness, longsuffering and patience. Not only has he had to pass through all this, but he has been hated, despised, stoned, rotten-egged, kicked. Satanic plans, intelligently and under the guise of religion, have combined against him to injure him. How he has proven that the hosts of hell with their multitude of agents will conspire against you, if not to crucify you, at least to do all that lies within their reach; so that he has found it necessary to trust God every moment. "For he that trusts God shall never be confounded." In the darkest night, he has discovered the brightest day; in the deepest sorrow of heart, he has found the greatest joy; and in the most lonely and friendless path, he has found the most blessed company, fellowship and friendship with Jesus. God has permitted all this to develop him in a life of patience. He has also found that this life of holiness is a life of prayer; not only to live in the atmosphere of the spirit of prayer, but to have occasional seasons of special prayer, with his face before God, for the salvation of sinners and the sanctification of the church, after the example of his divine Lord, whose life was a life of prayer, who in the morning a great while before day rose up and went out into the desert place and prayed; who opened and ended the day with prayer; who continued all night in prayer—what an example of prayer!—who, after a night of prayer chose the Twelve; when the children were brought to Him, laid His hands upon them and prayed; He began great enterprises and closed His labors with prayer; He entered

into the wilderness to pray; when the Spirit descended upon Him, He was in prayer; when the fashion of His countenance was altered He was found in prayer; He entered into the garden of Gethsemane to agonize in prayer; He uttered a doxology of prayer when the wise and learned rejected Him: "I thank thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Yea, Father, for so it was well-pleasing in thy sight." He prays in that most wonderful of prayers, the seventeenth of John's Gospel, that His followers, those whom he had won, might be sanctified; He did not pray for the world this time, nor for sinners, nor for backsliders, but for His own spiritual children. He especially prays for those who were converted, born of the Spirit, justified, regenerated, who had preached the gospel and worked miracles. I hear Him again in His prayer, declaring, "All mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them." These are believers, born of God, of heaven, of the Spirit. They were good candidates for the blessing of entire sanctification. If we would take Mr. Wesley's advice, we would press young converts right on to that blessed experience; for no individual is a proper candidate for this exalted life of holiness, until he knows he is born of God, and kept by God's grace from willful sinning. This converted and sanctified Roman Catholic is learning, more and more, to develop in this life of prayer.

CHAPTER XVI.

GROWTH IN HOLINESS — CONTINUED.

Finally, he has learned that it is a life of holiness; it is a life of activity for others. God having delivered him from selfishness, and come into his heart to do His good-will and pleasure in him, has sent him around as a peace-bearer to others, without worldly friends and without money. It is wonderful how He has sent him on His errands of love, mercy and compassion. The blessed Spirit has taught him not to be a spiritual sensualist, taking all in and giving out nothing; for selfishness in religion is as bad as selfishness in hell. God hates it as much, curses it as bitterly, and detests it with equal abhorrence. Brother, sister, if you are only trusting to save your own soul; if you only accept the truth of entire sanctification to lavish it on your own lusts; to leap and shout and to have great demonstrations, in order to make a show in the flesh; and hold to the old spirit of sourness, and hardness, and peevishness, and criticism, so that God can not hitch to you; and are always ready to run off into some strange doctrine, and separate from the church; and if you only take the name of Christian and the profession of holiness upon you to sponge on faithful pastors and evangelists, who are wearing their lives out to save the lost and bring the church back to its primitive purity,



usefulness, power and glory; to joining the easy-going, rocking-chair, do-nothing people; only to sit down to condemn, to criticise and find fault with those who have risked all to do the work in which you ought to be helping; if you have no big, burning passion of practical sympathy to stand by and help, and bear all things, to win and woo souls to Jesus at some expense or denial to yourself; if you are only looking for members to build up your little denomination, and to burn incense to statistics; and to show how many churches of brick and mortar you have built up at your conference, synod or presbytery; or perhaps to run off into wildfire and comeoutism, or extreme notions on faith-healing, not discerning the difference between the gift of the Spirit and the Spirit's gifts, it seems to me that something is wrong somewhere, and that God looks upon you with a mingled pity and disgust. The good Lord baptize us with a spirit of *prayer*, of *love*, of *faith*, of *joy*, of *patience*, of *immediate and desperate action*, that will show forth that practical love which is as universal and as catholic as the salvation of God.

Away with the doctrine that God has His own way in this world! It may be true in the eternal regions of despair, where God will no longer oppose the progress of evil, where misery and sin will be permitted to go on and have their own way, where God will no longer interfere, where the Holy Spirit will cease to strive, and where sin will be supreme. Doubtless in heaven everything will be godlike, pure, true, angelic and divine. There God will have His own way. But this is not true down

here on this earth, neither in church nor state, where active, voluntary excarnate and incarnate demons oppose God and holiness, and where every kind of iniquity and crime is perpetrated. In fact, one must be spiritually blind who can not see that the devil is the prince of this world, where the poor are plundered, the virtuous seduced, where the depraved in thousands of ways pour out their vile and hellish iniquity. It seems that no one who has the eyes of his understanding opened by the Holy Spirit will attempt to state that the Lord's will is done in not only the excommunication from the Catholic Church, but also in the excommunication from the Protestant churches, of those who dare to honor the power of Jesus' blood in the sanctification of their souls, and who, in the meekness of their loving Lord, are endeavoring to bring this world to Jesus. As Christians, we ought to know what God's will is, and not give our assent, and with pious sentimentality attribute this all to God, and make it a species of impiety to think otherwise, and regard with manifest impatience those who are giving their lives to the lost because they are laboring with all their hearts to save the lost and bring the church into the blessed experience of full salvation.

If ever this world is going to be brought to Jesus, and if the Protestant churches, universally, are ever to waken up to their privileges in the gospel, it will be only by the faithfulness of holy men and women, who will dare to be red-hot in love, testimony and Christ-like self-denial, who have learned that this sanctified life

is a life of real, practical love for others. I have listened to a sick sentimentalism, or a whitewashed holiness profession, that tries to make folks believe that all things are going to turn out right anyway. And the very same folks, if a fever should break out, or a horse should get sick, or their house take fire, would scout the idea of anybody sitting still and being inactive, and saying that it was the Lord's will, and that things were going to turn out right anyway.

O beloved, let us not be deceived. Real, genuine holiness is a do-something dare-devil, sending out at all costs to save others. Let us read the words of our divine Lord: "As thou hast sent me into this world to weep and suffer and bleed and die, to rescue the lost, relieve the oppressed, heal the broken-hearted, bring joy and sunshine to the sorrowful, wipe away the tears of those who weep, so I send you, my brother, mind you, not to come out of this world that I died on Calvary to redeem, not to come out from the church that I died to sanctify, but after my example, who lived and died in the most godless church of my day, so I send you, brother, to do, and dare, and pray, and suffer, and weep, and work, and if needs be die to seek and save that which is lost and bring the church into the glorious experience of sanctification, even though those to whom I send you should persecute you, and slander you, and cast out your name as evil, and form tribunals to judge, and convict, and condemn you to death. I have promised never to leave you, never to forsake you; you will always find my

grace is sufficient." God having conquered your heart, you will be able to conquer other hearts. Ah, beloved, the entire life of Jesus was a life for others; a life of forgetfulness of self, entirely enwrapped in serving and doing good to others. He declares, "I came not to do my own will, but the will of Him that sent me." From the manger to the cross, His life was one continual stream of practical love and ceaseless activity for others; and in His wonderful prayer, the winding-up of His earthly mission, I hear Him praying this prayer, so full of fervency as it comes from His own loving, adorable, compassionate heart, that His followers might be sanctified.

Permit me to ask you, beloved, are you living for others? If not, I entreat you this moment, before you lay this book out of your hands, to cast your little all on God's altar, and prove His ability to make you holy, and put within you a spirit of joy, of faith, of patience, and a burning love for others. Our Jesus is able to sanctify, and to keep, and to send you forth as the Father sent Him, to live for others.

In conclusion, my precious reader, I entreat you, do not bring unnecessary persecutions upon yourself, for to do so is very foolish. You will have enough to withstand if you are true and loyal to God in holiness without being so foolish. For I am impressed some blame holiness for a great deal of persecution that is brought on unnecessarily by doing and saying things that are not in harmony with the spirit of perfect love. Therefore, I beg of you, be careful on this point, for the world will hate you

because you are not of this world, even as He was not of this world. He foretold that we should be hated, and then He goes on to pray, not that we should be taken out of this world, but that we should be kept from the evil. Here is a lesson. Some want to run away from their situations; some from their homes, wives, husbands, children, families and churches, and run off into some sort of a Protestant seclusion, like the Roman Catholic monks and nuns, to spend a lifetime dandling their imaginations and feeling the pulse of their religious experiences. Some want to be translated right away to glory, when God wants them right down here, in a holy, aggressive movement, to charge upon the battlements of hell. It is the sanctified, blood-washed that are commanded to charge upon hell's hosts, and amid the scoffs, and jeers, and hatred, and persecutions, and slander, and reproaches, to take the world for Jesus. It belongs to Him, and, blessed be God! it shall be His. We are not to be taken out of this world to have an easy, respectable, soft snap of it. Far from it. We are to be in this world, but not of it; right in these offices, banks, stores, factories, churches, among our neighbors, friends and enemies, we are to live and profess and shine out this blessed life of meekness and perfect love and patience. I implore you, do not come out from the church; for if the grace of God proved sufficient to keep Madam Guyon and Bishop Fenelon in the Roman Catholic Church in the dark ages, surely you and I can prove His grace sufficient to keep us in the Protestant Church to-day, to blaze out the

heavenly love-life in the spirit of Him who, when led like a lamb to the slaughter, opened not His mouth. He who is now your life will reveal to you more and more the hidden secrets of the life hid with Christ in God. Amen.

THE END.